The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for October will be a double number, and will contain special articles and illustrations on Mary, Queen of Scots. The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell will contribute an article on "Mary, Queen of Scots in Literature."

In our last issue we lamented the neglect to which many Victorian novelists are at present subject, and noted the announcement of an *edition de luxe* of Lytton's works. Now come the tidings of a new illustrated edition of the works of Borrow, which will be issued by the house of Murray. There will be included Borrow's latest book, "Romano Lavo-Lil," which has long been out of print.

In Mr. Lewis Melville's forthcoming book on George III., which, entitled "Farmer George," will be a companion work to his "First Gentleman of Europe," he deals mainly with the court life and personal side of the King, and only treats of political events when the monarch took an active part in their direction. Mr. Melville has largely drawn on "Peter Pindar" and those other still more neglected Georgian satirists, whose verses illustrate the opinions popular in their day. "Farmer George" will contain nearly three-score portraits and caricatures, including a frontispiece in colour to each of the two volumes.

Unfortunate in his life, ill-luck did not desert Thomas Hood after death. His works were issued by his son and daughter in seven thick volumes. Could a worse fate befall any airy humorist? To wade through one of those tomes is sufficient to make the reader forswear Hood and his works for all eternity; it is safe to wager no one has perused the contents of the whole. Hood took himself seriously as a humorist, and died with a pun on his lips. It is not in this light he is regarded to-day, and he who prided himself on his quips and cranks, lives, and will endure so long as English literature survives, as the author of some of the noblest and saddest verses in the language, the wonderful "Song of the Shirt," the magical "Bridge of Sighs," and the exquisite "Ruth." Nor was Hood more fortunate in his biographers than in his editors, the same son and daughter, who contrived to weave from a most pathetic life-story one of the dreariest memoirs extant. It is but a few weeks since Mr. Walter Jerrold did yeoman's service by editing Hood's poems and issuing them in handy form, and the intelligence that now he is engaged upon a life of Hood is glad tidings indeed.

A correspondent passing through Stockholm writes: "English authors are read here less than German and French, and in the Taüchnitz editions chiefly, but there are Swedish translations, at moderate prices, of most of our popular novelists. A year or two ago there was a great run on Mr. Kipling's books, and they are still widely read. So are the works of Lafcadio Hearn. I find Stevenson little known, and Thackeray little read. Dickens is, without doubt, the popular English classic. The Swedes are at the moment neglecting foreign literature comparatively, and giving more

Commander R. E. Peary.

Reproduced from a portrait in "Nearest the Pole," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.) (See p. 202.)

encouragement to their own authors. All the publishers now issue cheap reprints of Swedish classics, and some recent and living writers have attained high circulations. For example, 50,000 copies have been sold of 'Nils Holgerson's Rese,' published a short time ago. The author, Selma Lagerlof, has just been given the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Upsala—the first Swedish woman so honoured. Her other books have been translated into English, but not this story of a Swedish boy's travels on the back of a goose through his own country. So far, in this volume, Nils, who started in the south, has only reached Stockholm, but already his adventures are read in the schools, and the second volume, with those he met in the north, will be the chief publishing event in Sweden in the coming autumn. A book that has become a little classic in its way is 'Adalen's Poesi,' a collection of stories by Pelle Molin published after his death in 1896, young, poor, and disappointed, with an introduction by the well-known Swedish writer, Gustaf af Geijerstam. Molin has not been translated into English. Geijerstam himself is very popular, especially through his 'Book of the Little Boy.' Among younger novelists are Gustav Janson, with whom we are acquainted in translations, and Gustav Ullman. Janson's latest work is 'Förlorade Söner' ('Lost Sons'), and Ullman's 'Präster' ('Priests'), and both are being read throughout Sweden. Many people here consider that the most important publication of recent years is the 'Folkungaträdet,' a historical romance in two parts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by Verner von Heidenstam, a new Swedish writer of whom great things are expected. Sweden is not rich in magazines, but *Ord och Bild* continues to keep up a high standard, especially in its illustrations."

Literature and journalism have suffered heavy losses by the deaths, in the last days of July, of Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. David Christie Murray. Mr. Hatton was a strenuous worker, and through all the suffering that his last illness involved his weekly tale of "copy" was resolutely and regularly done. At different stages of his career he was editor of several important journals; latterly he was editing the *People*. Long as the list of his books is, they do not represent a tithe of the work he accomplished. He was for many years special European correspondent of the *New York Times* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*, but he did nothing more popular in the journalistic way than the "Cigarette Papers," which down to the date of his death were appearing in one London and a series of leading provincial weeklies. He was a successful playwright, and the most popular of his novels was probably "By Order of the Czar," which was condemned by the Russian censor.

Mr. David Christie Murray has disappointed many of us. One or two of his early novels had something of greatness about them, and held a promise of something greater, but the promise was never fulfilled. He was a man of high and varied accomplishments. Beginning as a reporter on a Birmingham newspaper, he came to London in the early seventies to join the staffs of the *Daily News* and the *World*, and later he served the *Times* as special correspondent through the Russo-Turkish war. It was not until after his return from this campaign that he commenced his career as a novelist with "A Life's Atonement"—one of the best of his books; if he ever did anything better, it was "Joseph's Coat" or "Aunt Rachel." One has an uneasy feeling that he never got quite the recognition he deserved for such novels as these and some three or four others; say, "Rainbow Gold," "The Way of the World," and "Val Strange." His later stories, written under stress of circumstance as newspaper serials, misrepresent him, and he is not to be judged by them; but they have done his reputation more harm than good. To his other gifts he added those of a brilliant lecturer and an actor of fine emotional capacity. In this latter connection, here is an interesting communication that has been received from a journalistic correspondent.

"I have been an enthusiastic admirer of Christie Murray as a novelist ever since in my very young days I read 'Joseph's Coat' and 'Aunt Rachel,'" he writes, "and I met him for the first time, about three years ago, when he came as a guest to a dinner at the Whitefriars Club. He was called upon for a speech afterwards, but elected to tell a story instead. I recall his strong-featured, clean-shaven face crowned with its straggling silver hair as he stood with his

hands resting on the back of his chair and began to speak. My affectionate admiration for him was such that for the nonce he was the only man in the room for me. He began haltingly, casually; it was the story of a youthful experience of his, he said, when he was reporting for the *Birmingham Morning News*. He seemed at a loss for words, and I was pained for him, thinking he was going to fail. But as soon as he had the story under way he was at no loss: he told it quietly, easily, without gesture or declamation, but he got such a grip on his audience that there wasn't a sound in the room except his voice going quietly on. It was a story of the heroism of some half-dozen miners going down one after the other into a mine that was afire, to save the lives of their comrades. I have never heard anything told with such restrained emotional intensity and dramatic effectiveness."

"I was one of the last half-dozen," he adds, "who lingered to chat with Murray in the club-room; and as he and I went downstairs, leaving the others behind, it was upon me to say something to him of my immense admiration of certain of his books, and how sincerely glad I was to have met him. 'One feels such an ass, saying this kind of thing, and I find it so difficult to say,' I remarked, 'that I do hope you won't think me a humbug, and that I'm simply saying it with some silly notion of flattering you. I really mean every word of it, and more.' 'I know how difficult it is,' he said, as we shook hands at the door, 'but I am very glad that you said it—it does me good. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, I'm fond of the sweets.'"

"The World that Never Was" is a London fantasy by Mr. A. St. John Adcock that Mr. Francis Griffiths will publish early in October. It is described as something entirely new in the way of Christmas books, and is to be fully illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne, R.I.

An interesting volume bearing on literary and artistic life in London will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is written by Mr. Arthur Ransome, and is entitled "Bohemia." We understand that the book is not a collection of anecdotes of modern celebrities, but endeavours to get on paper the feeling that underlies Bohemian life, and to show what that life is like in London to-day. A good deal of the book is autobiography.

It is a relief to learn that Miss Myrtle Reed's new book, "Love Affairs of Literary Men," deals only with the *amours* of deceased authors, for in these days of personal journalism and book-making there is no assurance that the private lives of the present generation are safe from the newsmonger. Pope, Johnson, Sterne, Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Poe, Carlyle, and, of course, Swift, with Stella and Vanessa—and, who knows, Varina, too, perhaps—are Miss Reed's subjects. It seems, however, rather a work of supererogation to retell these oft-told tales.

We understand that the Duke of Argyll has for some time been occupied in the preparation of his memoirs, and that the work may be expected during the present season. As is well known, the Duke is himself a clever artist, and the memoirs will doubtless contain many examples of his skill.

"The Moon of Bath" is the title of a new novel by Beth Ellis, author of "Madame, Will You Walk?" which Messrs. Blackwood and Sons will issue shortly. The scene of the story is Bath in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Beau Nash reigned as king. The same firm will publish next month a new novel by Sydney Grier (Miss Hilda Gregg), in which she returns to "Furthest Ind," the scene of her first success in fiction. The story, we understand, contains an interesting forecast of the future history of the North-West Provinces.

In the illustration of this number we are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for drawings by Mr. C. E. Brock, to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for an illustration by Mr. Arthur Rackham, and to Messrs. Seeley for illustrations from "Dean Swift and His Writings."

The portrait of Swift appearing on p. 195 is published here for the first time by the courtesy of its owner, the Earl of Howth, K.P.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton.**

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

ONCE or twice lately I have seen it asserted that the best novels in our days are being written by women. Many of them are, at all events; and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has written more than one of them. I shall not pretend to decide which is the best of her books. Personally, I hesitate between "Phœbe in Fetters" and "A Dull Girl's Destiny"; but if anyone tells me that "The Man Who Won," or "Thalassa" is better than these, I think so highly of all four that I am not disposed to argue the point.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is one of the most modest and retiring of authors; the fact that her novels are running into their fifth and sixth editions makes it evident beyond question that the world is really interested in her art, but it is not easy to persuade her that the world is interested also in herself. She is not paragraphed in the press as many a lesser writer is paragraphed; she has been unusually reticent in what she has confided to *Who's Who*; if you look for her in her stories she eludes you even there, for she has a rare gift of detachment. Her characters have individualities that are entirely separate from her own; she does not model all her heroines on herself, as some do—I cannot recall any two of them that resemble each other; her romances are not autobiographical, they are not self-revelationary in the ordinary sense of the word, and it was this restrained and uncommon quality in her work that appealed greatly to the late Mr. H. D. Traill. He read and enthusiastically admired Mrs. Reynolds's earlier books, and predicted the success that has come to her—or, to speak more correctly, that she has come to, for she has not won it by merely waiting for it. That power of detachment, of keeping herself outside her pages, and leaving the ground clear to the men and women of her imagination, is one that Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has in common with Mrs. Humphry Ward. Neither of them writes in the personal, autobiographical vein, and Mr. Traill used to say that they were "the only two women novelists wholly free of that vice."

Photo Wm. Whiteley, Ltd.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Yet, as Professor Raleigh has it, no man can walk about except on his own shadow, and in another and the best sense of the word Mrs. Reynolds does in her novels reveal much of her individuality and something of her spiritual autobiography; not consciously, but in spite of herself. Her defence of the high sacredness of marriage, in "Phœbe in Fetters"; her consistent handling of the same subject elsewhere; her preference for heroes who are too honest, too unaffected, too downright to be always pleasant-spoken or conventionally polite; a certain large sympathy and ingrained sincerity that are dominant characteristics of her heroines; the unobtrusive teaching, which is the undercurrent of all her stories, that even in this world "good is as hundreds, evil as one," and that all real happiness arises out of self-control, right living, obedience to the higher laws of life—surely, it is because these things, and other such, tell you something about her that you cannot read her books and feel that she is still a stranger to you.

All this is, however, in the background of her novels; before everything else Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is an authentic novelist, and perhaps part of the secret of her increasing success is that in every book she writes she has a story to tell, and knows how to tell it. She is, indeed, a born story-teller. She began to invent stories as soon as she could talk, and to tell them to her mother before she could read. Her brother unintentionally encouraged this natural bent in her; he was a weekly boarder at his school, and his dormitory having an insatiable appetite for the thrilling and the horrifying, she used to "make up" a ghost story every week, when she was ten years old, and tell it to him in order that he might repeat it for the delectation of his schoolfellows. That they appreciated her talent, as older people are doing now, became evident at the end of a term, when that youthful audience subscribed and presented her with a toy theatre as a mark of their gratitude for the entertainment she had provided for them.

Presently, she and her sisters started a magazine, which was written out and illustrated by herself, and read aloud each month to her father; and whilst she was still in her teens she began to contribute to the *Family Herald*, a periodical that has proved an excellent training-ground for many a young author who has since risen to a leading place amongst modern novelists.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has written numerous short stories and articles for magazines and reviews; and it was her notable good fortune to have her first novel taken by the very first publisher to whom she submitted it. She hit upon the quaint idea of sending it round to the London publishers in alphabetical order, and posted it to Mr. Bentley, because his name began with a B; but it went no farther, for he accepted and published it. There were one or two other books, I believe, before Mrs. Reynolds scored her first considerable success with "The Ides of March," which appeared under her maiden name of G. M. Robins; and it was some time later before "Phœbe in Fetters" firmly founded its author's reputation.

No writer is a reliable judge of his or her own work, but though Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has no opinion as to which is the best of her books, she confesses to a special liking for one of them—"The Dream and the Man," without knowing why it should be more of a favourite with her than is any of the others. The whole of this story was written in three weeks at the invitation of a firm of publishers who, however, offered her such unsatisfactory terms for it when it was done that she felt obliged to withdraw the book from them, and it was published by Mr. John Murray a little while before "Phœbe in Fetters" made its appearance.

It is not easy to label Mrs. Reynolds and assign her to any recognised school of fiction, for she does not draw her characters from any one particular class, and does not limit herself geographically to one special city, or county, or even country. In her three latest books, for instance, the scenery shifts from Florence to London, the Yorkshire moors, the Welsh hills, and South Africa. "The Man Who Won," that opens in Africa a little while before President Kruger's downfall, and presents you with one of the author's most original, most memorable, and, at the outset, most unpromising heroines, reminds me of a very interesting association Mrs. Reynolds has with the Boer war. There were a good many hymns written in connection with the disasters of that campaign, and, like the rest of us, she was unfavourably affected by the flabbiness and general inadequacy of them. So it came about that she wrote a "Hymn for the War" that was sung in hundreds of English churches, and somehow found its way out to the fighting-men at the front. The officers and troopers held prisoners in Pretoria used to sing it at their weekly services, and Mr. Batt, a Baptist minister, who one day preached to them in prison, was so deeply impressed by it that he has quoted the hymn in its entirety in his "Pretoria from Within." He called to see Mrs. Reynolds on his return to England, and telling her of this incident, added that nothing in his life had ever so moved him as did the singing of her hymn by that audience in those unhappy circumstances.

Without adhering too rigidly to any rule or system, Mrs. Reynolds is a believer in method; she always uses a typewriter, and works regularly for four hours a day, finishing by half-past one. Her practice is to get the main idea of a story first, and then let it develop and flower into incident and episode as she writes; she is not sure what is going to happen in the chapter after the next until she arrives there. She finds herself unable to start a novel till she has hit upon names that please her for the hero and heroine, and has created the opening scene in her imagination. She has the good gift of seeing romance where others may see only commonplace reality, of touching what is outwardly unlovely and transforming it into beauty; and says rightly that every life is a story, and that if you give not only the skeleton facts of it, but the dreams that are for ever round about it like an atmosphere, it catches the light and turns to romance in your hands.

Having a wholesome dislike to binding herself far in advance, Mrs. Reynolds is not hampered with too many plans made for the future, but she has written a new novel, "Broken Off," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing this autumn, and another that Messrs. Hutchinson will issue in the early part of next year. Mr. Arthur Heathcote has made a dramatic version of "The Man Who Won," which will probably be produced by Mr. Hackett in New York; this, and a criticism by Mr. Owen Seaman, who remarked, in *Punch*, that if she could write a play with the same knowledge of character and power of dialogue which "A Dull Girl's Destiny" exhibits, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker would scarcely be able to resist it, are tempting Mrs. Reynolds in the direction of play-writing.

But that other world is still to conquer. She has said that hitherto her aim has been "to write books which will interest the ordinary person," and at the same time hold before him a high standard of conduct and endeavour that yet shall not be too high for every-day aspirations to reach up to. Fulfilling this aim, she has established her fame as a novelist, and, of late, each new book that she writes adds something to the breadth and the height of it.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1.

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THE READER.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

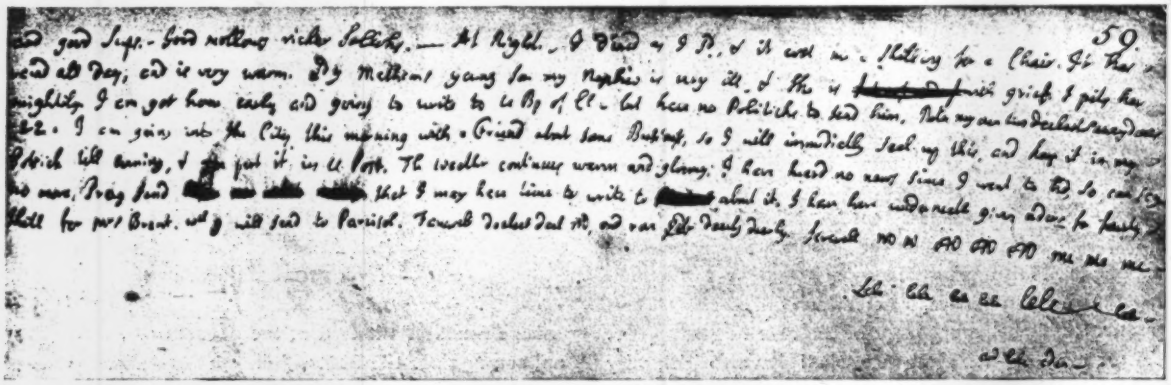
By Thomas Seccombe.

A RUDE guess, call it an intuition if you will, that, after Shakespeare, Scott and Swift would tend to prove themselves the most durable influences in English literature has lasted better in my personal experience than most opinions of twenty years' standing. Through some ramification or other Swift permeates almost every page of the best English prose. As a chronicler in rhyme we shall have to look very close to find his equal. Had he but found a Boswell or a Lockhart, how much larger would Swift have loomed upon the consciousness of every reader of this essay! As it is, we have the "Journal to Stella," an autobiographical fragment absolutely without a rival in English, nay, in any language. A good deal might be claimed for Swift as a patriot, as an historian, as a High Churchman, or as a broad statesman; but it is in these capacities that he interests us least. The romance of his whole career, the unrivalled prose-sense and gift for "plain English" that he developed, the extraordinary vigour and potency of his middle life, the playfulness and self-revelatory energy of mind exhibited no less in his too occasional light verse than in his letters and journals—these things interest us greatly, though even these are eclipsed in dramatic effect by the human pathos of his love-story, by the irony of the fate that governed his affections, or by the manacled hate of his later literary mood.

As a writer, now two hundred years have elapsed from his *floruit*, Swift has mounted to an upper storey in the Palace of Fame. But as a man he still interests us more than as a writer. Generation after generation of men still whisper and wonder under the shadow of the monument of that great lacerated heart. How he towers above the "genii" even of that brilliant age of Anna Augusta! A smooth-tongued humanist and political disciple of Locke, a wide-minded but still timid and rather conventional essayist, with a fine sheen of humour playing over him, there we have Addison. An infinitely specialised and almost morbific satirical malice, breathing its venom through heroic couplets with barbed fangs—that is Pope; and it is well within the truth to say that Swift came infinitely nearer to Pope in verse than Pope ever came to Swift in prose. But who can formulate Swift? What pen dare express the terror or the pity which the human lot of this giant of human faculty claims in a conflict with woes and misfortunes well-nigh unparalleled in literary history! "Lions shall leopards tame." Swift was undoubtedly feared by the most powerful men of his generation, such as Marlborough and Walpole. A week after Pope's death a company of wits turned pale at an innuendo which one of their number let loose against the dead satirist. And, truly, those who have attacked Swift after his death have had little reason to congratulate themselves upon their temerity.

Dean Swift.
From the bust by Roubiliac at Trinity College, Dublin.

Like Smollett's hatred of the French, or Swift's own animus against the Scots, Johnson's prejudice against Swift was so inveterate and so irrational that all his critics assumed that he must have some private grudge, which has never yet been either satisfactorily established or explained away. In the meantime his estimate of "The Tale of a Tub" as too good for Swift remains a permanent monument of the Doctor's critical ophthalmia in regard to a man who hated cant at least as much as Johnson himself. Jeffrey's attempt to place Swift in the dock on the charge of being a notorious highwayman, who threatened to blackmail ministers who would not yield him lucrative office, is (needless to say) far more discreditable to the bench than to the prisoner at the bar. Fortunately for himself, Thackeray has no critical reputation to lose, but the lachrymose sentimentality of his whole essay on Swift constitutes a small but definite blot both upon his discernment and his taste. His conception of Swift, his character and his relations with Stella and Vanessa, is not only hopelessly wrong, but dubiously sincere. Swift was occasionally seen in the character of Orson, no doubt. But his impersonation is entirely misinterpreted. From 1710 to 1713 Swift was the handy man of his party whom he saved from shipwreck again and again. But his status all the while (as he himself was perfectly aware) was as insecure as that of the Crichton of Mr. Barrie's admirable play. The lowest pawns in the game were sure of ribbons and rewards, while the master hand who moved them was deemed richly rewarded by the flattery and familiarity of his puppets, and finally fobbed off, after unheard-of humiliations, with a third-rate ecclesiastical appointment—in Ireland. And this, remember, is the main external fact in the history of a man who, having been about as easy in his post of valet secretary to Temple as Voltaire would have been in a similar capacity about the person of Louis XIV., had hitherto been considered lucky in obtaining what he called a "hedge-living" at Laracor, co. Meath. As a man of a very positive mind and of an exceptional capacity for the practical affairs of life, Swift had a strong and compelling desire for adequate means and administrative power. A well-endowed bishopric and a post about



Facsimile of a portion of Swift's "Journal to Stella," March 8th, 1711.

From the original in the British Museum.

the court were the rewards he justly thought that his services might justly command. There was certainly nothing disproportionate in such rewards for a man who, in rendering services to a party, far beyond any hitherto rendered by man of letters to men of affairs, had himself contributed largely to the making of history. For who but Swift by his papers and pamphlets had undermined the pedestal of Marlborough, converted the country from war to peace, stemmed the tide of Whig pamphleteering which had hitherto carried all before it, healed incipient fractures in the Tory party, and carried on a guerilla war of ridicule over the Anglican border right into the heart of the dissenting country? Duped as he often was by his own leaders, Swift between 1710 and 1712 had won his way by sheer force of mental superiority to complete intimacy with the wielders and directors of ancient wealth. He had, moreover, for part of the time been unofficial Patronage-secretary to the Government, an employment not greatly calculated to enhance a prematurely suspicious opinion of average human nature (he was only forty-five at this period of 1712). The average morality of people destined for high office in England was certainly not unusually high at this time. In Ireland only one question was asked—"Is he in the English interest?" Swift was a man enormously above the average, not only in ability, but also in truth, honesty, loyalty, faith and charity; yet the cant of the day was found equal to the task of discovering in him, as the putative author of certain squibs, a subject unfit for high promotion in the very Anglican Church which he had served so incomparably. This sickening imposture derived support, we may be sure, from the malice of enemies, such as the Duchess of Somerset (the "carrots" of one of his squibs) and from the narrowness of Queen Anne, but far more without a doubt from the lethargy, snobbery and ingratitude of Swift's friends. Imagine the effect of this upon a temperament so energetic and an understanding so alert as that of Swift, and wonder if you can at the asperities of a genius so useful who could be so used by his best friends.

Swift's detective insight into the cruelties of life and the basenesses of mankind was henceforth to be exerted with intensive force upon a small number of greatly inferior minds, in a much restricted circle, in an environment of exile which he both detested and despised. The abnormality of Swift's mind in this stage of its evolution has certainly been exaggerated. There was nothing monstrous or infra-human in his misanthropy, as in the perpetual railing and snarling of a Timon. The restlessness and suspicion inherent in his mind are traits common enough among disappointed men, while his disgust for the animal man is only an intensification of a characteristic, which as an intermittent mood, must be common enough among most men of a certain age. When the Brobdingnagian philosopher takes Gulliver up in his right hand, and stroking him gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asks him whether he is a Whig or a Tory, he gives expression to a feeling of amused contempt for ourselves to which we can all respond—with which we can all sympathise. When we read the pleasantries of our ministerial pantaloons in Parliament, or see a new neighbourhood stretching across an ancient pine-wood, we are in momentary sympathy with Swift in his most vitriolic mood. What are rare moods with us, became almost habitual to Swift, but both are equally significant of common human feeling. Otherwise, instead of being a recognised masterpiece wherever men have books, "Gulliver's Travels" would be forgotten, for it would have no meaning. Gradually, very gradually only, under the stress of renewed trials, the sad feeling of the futility of human life came to dominate all other feelings. Life, he said bitterly, was no farce, as Voltaire and other wits seemed to proclaim it, but *a ridiculous tragedy*. He grew angry with the phrase "a fine old man"; there was no such thing, it was a contradiction in terms. Old men were like comets, reverenced for their beards and their pretensions to foretell the future. Experience soured a man as age seared him. In dark insight he was ever gloomily precocious.

In such wise was Swift explicit on matters for human anguish which men of experience have seldom the heart, or the stomach, to express. For much of the time he had no worse desire, perhaps, than to administer mankind a strong emetic. While he hated "the animal man," his love and affection for individuals of the species, such as Stella, Harley, Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot, was in no wise diminished. And it is partly the sense of human loss, the profound grief, more parti-

cularly which he felt at the death of Stella, which precipitated him into the last stage of over-insistence upon the tragic destiny of humanity. In this stage it is that he commits a form of moral suicide; not killing himself in a fit of temporary insanity, but stabbing mankind instead, and going on stabbing it until he goes mad, and dies "a mad dog in a hole." What could well be more awful than Lecky's constrained account of this consummation:

"At length the evil day arrived. A tumour, accompanied by excruciating pain, arose over one of his eyes. For a month he never gained a moment of repose. For a week he was with difficulty restrained by force from tearing out his eye. The agony was too great for human endurance. It subsided at last, but his mind had wholly ebbed away. It was not madness; it was absolute idiocy that ensued. He remained passive in the hands of his attendants without speaking or moving, or betraying the slightest emotion. It was not till he had continued in this state for two years that he exchanged the sleep of idiocy for the sleep of death." He was seventy-seven and a half when he thus died in October, 1745, "a driveller and a show." A like decay had affected the two contemporaries whose powers he had held in highest esteem—Somers and Churchill.

From the painting by Francis Bindon, now on view at the Dublin International Exhibition. **Dean Swift.**
(Reproduced by special permission of the Earl of Howth, K.P.)

The strength of his individuality, his originality of wit and temper, the virile power of his brain—this, or what you will, enabled Swift to exercise an extraordinary influence over women. He fascinated them. He knew instinctively when it was safe to domineer and when more expedient to cajole them. But intuition such as his has its penalties. Niceness is often the sour product of a precocious nastiness of mind. Or, as Swift put it, a nice man is a man of nasty ideas. Perhaps, as the result of some sharp surfeit of such ideas, Swift had early conceived an overwhelming disgust for a very large segment of the physical side of life. He had well-nigh outgrown the most ordinary of human passions long before he thought himself in a position to marry or contemplated (if he ever did seriously contemplate) attaching himself regularly to any one woman. At forty he self-protectively pictured himself as an old man; and we may take it for certain that fires, not perhaps wholly extinct, flamed up but seldom. Sensual images and ideas (using the word in the more restricted sense) are almost wholly absent from his writings, the only exception, curiously enough, being one or two phrases in the "Journal to Stella." Stella's own temperament in these days seems to have been cold and rather sardonic: she had become thoroughly inoculated with Swift's ideas as to the feasibility of a neutral friendship between a man and a woman. If some such situation as this be premised, the mystery of Swift's relations with women may, perhaps, find a partial solution, though the tragedy implicit in them cannot be sensibly diminished. It is, indeed, an integral part of Swift's life.

Of the critical passages in Stella's early intimacy with and gradual education by Swift we know, and shall know, nothing. It is otherwise in the case of his second chief pupil. In regard to the salient points of the tragedy of Vanessa we have the most authentic evidence possible. Unrivalled in this capacity as in so many others, Swift, the tutor and director of studies, had half-unconsciously excited a passion, at the same time most pathetic and most intense, in the pretty-minded pupil whose head he had so often patted in approbation. To deny that he had ever expressed this approbation in a kiss, or even in moments of elation, when straight from a successful tête-a-tête from the Lord Treasurer he had descended upon the submissive hospitality which the rich ever extend to the great, taken such an appreciative pupil upon his knee would, in my judgment, be unduly rash. But to call Vanessa "a vain, dilettante kind of

woman," who merely wanted a literary director and political luminary to husband, would be even more superfluously unjust. The passions of *espièglerie* may be anything but dilettante, and they had become concentrated in this case in one overmastering sentiment, which the future Dean felt himself totally incapable of reciprocating. There is nothing, it seems, so very extraordinary about this martyred sentiment, with the exception of its very explicit statement. There is nothing necessarily to condemn, still less to explain away, either on one side or the other. Swift's inability to respond to Vanessa's sighs had very little to do with Stella. A certain measure of brutality was a necessity not of his nature but of his circumstances. He might have been content to love Vanessa in his way quite as well as Stella, until this avowal of passion. There was no convulsive distraction of sentiment, such as Thackeray represents. When, however, Stella, who had grown up in, and been systematically inured to, the neutrality to which we have adverted, felt her whole position threatened by this sudden claim to a monopoly of Swift's affection, there was naturally trouble, which ended tragically enough, above all, perhaps, to Swift, whose peace of mind was permanently unhinged.

But this tragedy was not of Swift's proper creation. His progeny was of the essence of English prose. The progressive power of this has been obscured by Johnson's obsequiously followed error, which places the "Tale of a Tub" in the head and forefront of Swift's work. As an allegory in burlesque form of the superiority of Martin Anglicanus to the foibles of his chief rivals, Peter Romanus and Jack Presybyter (not

From a drawing by Arthur Rackham. **Gulliver's Encounter with the Frog.**

(Reproduced from "Gulliver's Travels," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

From a drawing by C. E. Brock.

"I fell to imitate their gait and gesture."—"A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms."

(Reproduced from "Gulliver's Travels," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.).

to mention the exquisite Aeolists or Ranters), it is racy and effective enough. It caught the robust taste of the age for stinging caricature, and ranks even now with Foxe, Bunyan, and Borrow as a grotesque signboard of sectarian malice and uncharitableness.

I have not said a word, so far, about the most central and solid of all Swift's literary legacies, "The Journal to Stella." If it be fair, however, to judge him (as we are ready to judge most other writers) by what he wrote when he was at his best, greatest, most human (and most intense, too), we must consider this as the most authentic revelation of the real Swift. Living, perhaps, the fullest life of any man, with the exception of some five or six, of whom a close and elaborate record exists, for the space of two and a half years, we here have an account of his multifarious activity as relentless as it is minute. As frank, more communicative than Mr. Pepys, our "little fat Presto" sets down everything, and then writes about nothing or invokes a "sousand melly new eels" for his "dele sollahs." We see him turning the pages as he writes in bed, bathing in the river at Chelsea while Patrick watches his clothes, buying snuff for Dingley, shaving and not shaving, saving a candle end, picking coal off the fire, conning ailments with titled dames, complaining of the "bloody heat" and "bloody cold" (1907 he would have truly found "twelvepenny" or hackney coach weather), swingeing the whig rogues, grudging half-crowns to lying porters, teaching his own man to lie brazenly, fishing for a dinner, trying a bite on the Queen: sense and nonsense, love and hate, prose and verse, the sweetness and meanness of human nature are here, as nowhere else in the wide world of books, jostling one another in the person of a great man, petty enough and often enough, but generous too, full of social virtues, solicitous for the honour of letters, a benefactor to almost every literary man he comes across. *Si sic omnes.* Above all, in an age hardly less affected and artificial than our own, we shall, in this wonderful *Journal*, be diverted by the strangeness of Truth in almost every entry.

FICTION IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

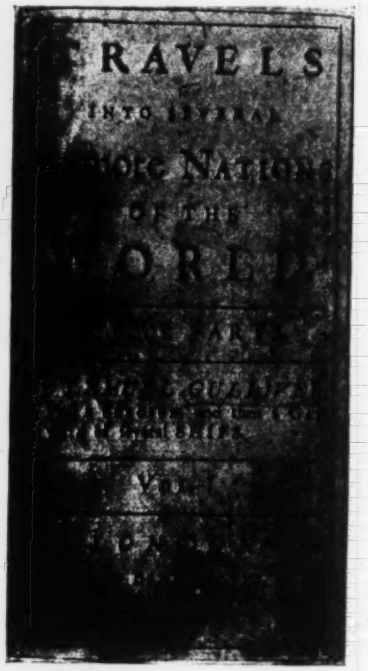
By WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

AMONGST the treasures of the John Rylands Library at Manchester is the only known copy of the edition of "Blanchardyne and Eglantine," printed by William Caxton somewhere about the year 1489. This book was translated from the French by our first English printer at the request of the Countess of Richmond and Derby. It is from this gracious Princess, the Lady Margaret, that all the British monarchs from Henry VII. to Edward VII. derive their origin. The date of her birth is uncertain, but was probably May 31st, 1443. Her father, John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, who was a grandson of John of Gaunt, died when she was an infant, and she was given in ward to William de la Pole, the favourite of Henry VI. A great heiress, she did not lack suitors, and at the age of nine she had to consider the problem whether to marry the son of the Duke of Suffolk or the brother of the King. An aged gentlewoman whom she consulted advised her to pray to St. Nicholas, and whether sleeping or waking she could not say, the Lady Margaret saw the saint about four o'clock in the morning, and he advised her to marry Edmund, the King's brother. Apparently her guardian married her to his son, but after his downfall and attainder, the marriage was treated as null and void, and she became the wife of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Her husband died in 1456, and his posthumous son Henry eventually became King of England. In 1459 she married Lord Henry Stafford, who was her second cousin. Her son, the unfortunate Earl of Richmond, was attainted at the accession of Edward IV., but his mother's possessions were left untouched. Richmond's future greatness is said to have been foretold by Henry VI. Stafford, who died about 1482, left the bulk of his estate to her. Soon after she entered into a matrimonial arrangement, said to have been of a formal character, with Thomas, second Lord Stanley, who afterwards became the first Earl of Derby. He was sent to the Tower in the reign of Edward V., but made his peace with Richard III., by whom he was appointed Lord High Steward. The Countess naturally desired to see her son on the throne, and the suggestion that Richmond, as the representative of the House of Lancaster, should marry the Princess Elizabeth of York seemed a means of ending the disastrous War of the Roses. Richmond's first effort to dethrone Richard failed, and the lands of the Countess were confiscated to her husband with reversion to the King. The powerful Stanley was a man to be reckoned with, but Richard III. began to doubt him, and took his son George Lord Strange as a hostage. Richmond's second attempt was successful; Richard III. was defeated at Bosworth Field mainly by the desertion of the Stanleys to his rival. The Lady Margaret was intensely religious, and somewhat ascetic in her disposition. She was a magnificent patron of learning, as her munificence to Christ's College and St. John's College, Cambridge, testify. She died June 29th, 1509, after much physical suffering. Besides being a great patron of learning, she had decided literary tastes. Of the books associated with the name of the Lady Margaret, the majority are of a religious character, and include service books, portions of the Bible, lives of the saints, the "Imitatio Christi," the "Scala Perfectionis," the "Speculum Aureum," and some writings of her confessor, Bishop Fisher. Her taste for history was shown by the possession of Lucan, Froissart, and Boccaccio. In the realm of imaginative literature may be placed Skelton's poem, the translation of Sebastian

From a drawing by C. E. Brock.
"Desired I would give them Slumskudask."—"A Voyage to Laputa."
(Reproduced from "Gulliver's Travels," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.).

Brandt, Chaucer, Lydgate, and the romance of Blanchardyne. The last is so little known as to deserve some special attention.

It is perhaps characteristic both of the Princess and the printer that an ethical value should be claimed for the story of Blanchardyne, as being "honest and joyful to all virtuous young noble gentlemen and women for to read therein as for their pastime." Such stories of chivalry and constancy were in Caxton's judgment as useful as books of contemplation. The only copy of this book is, as already mentioned, in the John Rylands Library, and it is imperfect. It has been reprinted for the Early English Text Society, by Dr. Leon Kellner,



The Title Page of the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

of Vienna, who has completed it from the original French, and from the second English version issued in 1595 by Thomas Pope Goodwin. A book that the Lady Margaret valued so highly, and that Caxton thought as essential as books of devotion, ought to be worth attention. The story is as follows. There reigned in "Fryse" a king who for a long time had no child, but after many prayers his queen gives birth to a son who is named Blanchardyne, who grew up in beauty, wit, and good manners, learned grammar, logic and philosophy, delighted in hunting, hawking and chess, but was forbidden by his father to joust or join in tourneys. One day on a tapestry he saw a picture of the destruction of Troy, and, on enquiring, was told of the long warfare of the Greeks and Trojans. He resolved upon a career of arms, obtained a sword of the king's, and one moonlight night mounted the best horse in the stable and rode away in search of adventures. There was great lamentation when Blanchardyne's absence was discovered, but all search for him proved vain. The runaway comes to a forest in which there is a dying knight, whose death wound has been inflicted by another knight who has carried off his lady. Blanchardyne promises to avenge his injury, and is dubbed knight that he may do so. He overtakes the false knight, who has been so unchivalrous as to beat the lady for refusing him. He answers Blanchardyne's challenge with contempt, but is killed by Blanchardyne, who hangs the traitor's head on his saddle and rides back to where he had left the wounded knight. They found him dead, and the lady thereupon died also. He left the dead bodies, and rode away hungry and weary. He came to a river where a knight sent a boat that carried him over the stream. He is entertained by the knight, who is a vassal of the Queen of Darye. King Alymodes of Cassidonye wanted to marry this "Proud Maiden of Love," but she refused him, and he threatened war. The knight suggests that although she has refused all offers she might love Blanchardyne, and he could defend her against Alymodes. The knight advised Blanchardyne to offer to serve the Proud Maiden as a soldier, and when on the way he must find a means to kiss her on the mouth. He does so, and then gallops onwards, leaving the Proud Maiden full of anger and desire of vengeance. She declares she will have him put to death. Meanwhile, Blanchardyne reaches Tormaday, and has to fight the Provost as a condition of being lodged in the city. Blanchardyne unhorses the Provost, but spares his life at the intercession of his daughters. When the "Proud Maiden" reaches Tormaday she recognises the object of her wrath, and after a time love takes the place of anger, although whilst making him Seneschal and Chief of War she still declares that she will never love any man. King Alymodes now besieges the city, and after much fighting, in which Blanchardyne greatly distinguishes himself, the attackers are driven off, and Eglantine, who witnessed his prowess, is afraid he will marry one of the Provost's daughters, and is so love-stricken that she can neither eat nor sleep. She sends for him under pretence that her cousin is in love with him. The Provost easily reads her secret, and in the interview the lovers soon come to an understanding. Rubyon, the King of Giants, challenges the Tormadians to joust. He is unhorsed by Blanchardyne, and a general fight followed, in which Darius, the son of Alymodes, is unhorsed, and Rubyon slain. After these exploits Blanchardyne carries off the daughter of Alymodes, but is surrounded by his enemies, and after more bloodshed is taken prisoner. Eglantine offers an immense ransom for him, but Alymodes is jealous, and decides to kill him, but is dissuaded by his daughter. He sends Blanchardyne to be dealt with by Rubyon's brother, the King of Salamandry. The ship is wrecked and Blanchardyne alone is saved. He finds his way to Marienberg, stains his face with herbs, offers his services to the King of Prussia, and is appointed constable and captain of the army. He is sent to repel an invasion of the Poles, kills the brother of the invader and many of his men, and takes the King of Poland

From a portrait in the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

prisoner. The King of Marienberg offers his beautiful cousin as wife for Blanchardyne, who remains faithful to Eglantine. Meantime, Darius, the son of Alymodes, waits in vain for the return of the ship in which he had sent Blanchardyne away, and at last returning is driven by the winds to Fryse, where he captures and blinds the father of Blanchardyne, and takes the cattle and other booty to Tormaday. These are captured by Eglantine's vassals in a sortie from the city. Blanchardyne, accompanied by Sadoyne, the son of the Prussian King, and an army sail for Tormaday, and meet with its Provost returning from Norway. In this way Blanchardyne has news of his lady, and sends her a letter, which she often kisses. She sees her lover's fleet, but the winds drive it away, and Blanchardyne says the reason is the Prussian idols that are in the ship. Sadoyne and his men consent to become Christians, throw the idols into the sea, and the storm is at an end. They land at Cassidonye, where Darius and his sister Beatrice are. Darius is slain, his army defeated, and a marriage is arranged between Beatrice and Sadoyne. Some time after Blanchardyne hears a captive lamenting, and is told that it is the captive King of Fryse. He is sent for, and Blanchardyne recognises his father. After some parley the son makes himself known, and begs his father's pardon for running away. They weep together for the death of the queen, and a month later leave Cassidonye, and are accompanied by Sadoyne, who is to help Blanchardyne against Alymodes, who is still besieging Tormaday. Eglantine, ever on the look out for her lover, espies the ships of war, and sends an eight-oar boat, in which is the Provost, who does not at first recognise Blanchardyne, but takes back a message to the "Proud Maiden of Love." Next morning, as arranged, the Tormadians attack Alymodes' army in front, and Blanchardyne's men attack him in the rear. Eglantine walks barefoot to the church to pray for victory. After much fighting and prodigies of valour Alymodes challenges Blanchardyne to single combat, and is worsted but rescued. Eglantine sends a white sleeve to Blanchardyne with a message that he is to dye it red in the blood of her foes. Alymodes now withdraws to his ships. Sadoyne kills Corboraunt, but is himself taken on board a prisoner. Ransom is refused, and Blanchardyne sets out with a naval expedition for his rescue, but before leaving is kissed by Eglantine. Subyon, a knight of low birth, is placed by Blanchardyne in charge of Tormaday and of Eglantine during his absence. He proves a traitor, and conspires with the chiefs that he shall wed Eglantine and her wealth be distributed among them. The Provost and the Knight of the Ferry refuse to acquiesce and carry Eglantine off to Castleford, which is besieged by Subyon. Meanwhile, Alymodes takes his prisoner to Cassidonye, where Beatrice endeavours to soften her father's heart; he is determined to hang Sadoyne, who is brought to the gallows, but is rescued by the soldiers of his wife. Alymodes grieves for his ill-luck, and more is in store, for Blanchardyne and his father land with their forces, and a battle follows. Sadoyne recognises the army of Blanchardyne, and joins in the fight, which ends with the capture of Alymodes. After the coronation of Sadoyne, his friend Blanchardyne receives a messenger from Eglantine. This is no other than the Provost, and Blanchardyne and Sadoyne then return with him for the rescue of the "Proud Maiden." In the battle Subyon is defeated, and flees to a valley of thieves, of whom Sylvain is the chief. Subyon suggests that they should kill Blanchardyne and Sadoyne who are passing him. The two knights refuse to disarm; Sylvain is killed, and Subyon, fastened on a horse, is taken back to Castleford, and there imprisoned. Eglantine, who had come down from the tower to welcome Blanchardyne, swoons when the Count of Castleford alone appears; but all is made right on the following day when he brings his prisoner. Blanchardyne and the Proud Maiden of Love are betrothed, married, and crowned, and the wedding feast lasts twenty days. The King of Fryse dies, Sadoyne returns to his wife, and, after some demur, the King of Prussia also turns Christian. There the story ends, though with a promise of a second part of which nothing is known.

Dean Swift.
From a bust in the National Portrait Gallery, Dublin.

Esther Johnson (Stella)
From a painting formerly in the possession of Judge Berwick.

Such was a favourite book, and such were the literary tastes of the great English Princess whose munificent liberality has benefited literature and learning for four centuries, and whose generosity continues through the ages. What would the patrons of the circulating libraries of the twentieth century say to this popular novel of the fifteenth century?

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six quotations, of not more than five words each, suitable for book titles, chosen from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Browning—two from each poet.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best answers to the following competition:—Translate these lines by Swift—

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres,
Cantu disco ver,
Meas alo ver,

and make eight lines of a similar kind on Swift himself.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse (competitors should notice that the competition is no longer confined to Shakespeare) has been gained by Mr. FRANK CLAYDER, Westview, Mandeville Road, Saffron Walden.

HAMLET. BY "Z."

"You, who, thirty years of age,
Write statedly for *Blackwood's Magazine*,
Believe you see two points in Hamlet's soul
Unseized by the Germans yet—which view you'll print."
—*Browning:* Bishop Blougram's Apology.

Other good quotations are:—

THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY—A REVIEW.

"They're no sae wretched 's ane wad think."
—*Burns.*

(F. M. B. GILLMER, 86, St. Lawrence Road, Clontarf, Dublin.)

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS. BY R. N. CAREY.

"I wonder whether
She'd rather wear a feather?
I rather think she would!"
—*W. S. Gilbert.*

(MISS J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

BURKE'S PEERAGE.

"Great families of yesterday we know,
And lords—whose fathers were the Lord knows who."
—*Byron.*

(MRS. LEE, Leighton Vicarage, Iron Bridge.)

A WOMAN'S WAR. BY WARWICK DEEPING.

"Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' pouther;
Their bauldest thought 's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin:
Till skelp—a shot—thy're aff a' trowther,
To save their skin."
—*Burns.*

(A. W. BACK, The Manse, Penistone.)

THE BACHELOR GIRLS. BY KEBLE HOWARD.

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."
—Hamlet, IV., 5, 41.

(E. F. NEWTON, 3, St. John's Terrace, King's Lynn.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six most musical single lines from Browning has been awarded to Mrs. LESLIE, The Manse, Eddleston, N.B.

1. "And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."—Sordello.
2. "Laughing, with lucid dew-drops rainbow-edged."
—Sordello.
3. "Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!"
—James Lee's Wife.
4. "All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee."—Summum Bonum.
5. "Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles."
—"Love Among the Ruins."
6. "But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes."
—Paracelsus.

An unusually large number of replies was received for this competition. Admirable lists were submitted by the following:—Miss Eva M. Martin, W. Elmslie Henderson, E. M. Glaister, "A. E. S.," Rev. S. J. Marriott, Miss Mollie Kennedy, Miss K. Buckpitt, Miss J. B. Balfour, Mrs. M. M. Snow, E. A. Fuller, Miss E. K. Baxter, C. Fox Smith, Miss Alice Timmins, Miss Dora Fisher, Miss M. Anthony, Miss Maud C. Drake, Miss Stella Mouat.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best imaginary reply of Johnson to Boswell has not been awarded. The preceding competition appears to have exhausted all the spare time of our competitors, and the answers in this case were few and inadequate.

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss AMY SAVATARD, Kirkgate, Ripon, and Miss JESSIE ANDERSON, Golf View, Giffnock, N.B.

After a painting by Markham.

Dean Swift.

After a painting by Francis Bindon.

Dean Swift.

Dean Swift.

When a student at Trinity College, Dublin.

Dean Swift.

From an original painting attributed to C. Jervas, in the National Portrait Gallery, Dublin.

New Books.

A PIONEER OF REALISM.*

Reprints of books like "Moll Flanders," which is one of the second-class classics of English literature, and even of books like "Roxana," which, though distinctly inferior, still *is* a classic, are for the most part to be welcomed *simpliciter*. Every one gives an uncertain number of additional chances that the books will be read: and that is what is to be desired. Only it is desirable that they should *be* read: and the effect of giving two long books like "Moll" and her less amiable companion in one volume—even a rather stout one—is that print of the very smallest has had to be used. The present reviewer fortunately does not need to refresh his memory as to a single page of the text, and has other copies at hand if he did. The reading of a single page of this would give him an eye-ache for the next twenty-four hours.

However, there are no doubt plenty of younger and stronger eyes to read it—though whether even they will be benefited by that process is a question. As for Mr. Baker's introduction (which is in larger type), he has made a praiseworthy and interesting attempt to characterise Defoe's "Realism," or "Naturalism," and to contrast it with later examples. It is perhaps a pity that he should have selected as his special instrument of comparison the work of such a writer as M. Octave Mirbeau. A man should be tried with as well as by his peers, or as nearly so as possible. It would have been less incongruous if Mr. Baker had taken something of the Goncourts'—say, "Germinie Lacerteux." Nor is he quite fortunate in his other parallel with Maupassant, though the extreme inequality of degree is not present here. He says that "Maupassant wrote well and Defoe wrote badly." A man who says that Defoe "wrote *badly*" seems not to know that the kinds of style are almost infinite, and that one is no more "bad" because it is not another than beer is bad because it is not Burgundy. The real distinction between Guy and Daniel is that Guy is a poet and Daniel is not. As for M. Mirbeau, it is to be feared that he has taken Mr. Baker in. Mr. Baker seems to think that Celestine's speech, "Chez moi tout crime—le meurtre principalement—a des correspondances secrètes avec l'amour," is "real." One must (disclaiming rudeness) go to Mr. Burchell and borrow "Fudge" on this occasion. *That* real! Even if an actual woman ever actually said it, it would not be real: it would be "literary," the "printed book," the unreal, twentieth-hand decanting and borrowing of the sentiment of some generations of cheap physiology and cheap paradox. There is no blood in things of that sort: there is only printer's ink. Now Defoe, to do him justice, has nothing of this spuriousness in his realism. That he should not be indebted to literary predecessors at all would of course not be in nature. He must have known, in originals or in translations, the picaresque novel, which Mr. Baker passes over rather lightly; and it is extremely probable that he knew that "English Rogue," by Richard Head and an unknown number of continuators, which Mr. Baker does not (I think) mention at all.

Not, let it be observed, that one wishes to find any fault with Mr. Baker. He writes well, and has evidently thought on his subject, though perhaps with some prejudices and an insufficient apparatus. He says, for instance, that the Naturalist "almost inevitably deals with the subject of crime." This is, no doubt, *quod est inducendum* from the facts; it is not *quod est demonstrandum* from the necessities. It is very much *easier* to interest the average reader in crime; so the "Naturalist" does it. We should like to set Mr. Baker, who really seems to be a promising student of fiction, on examining further his contention that Maupassant's method is different, not merely from that of Thackeray, Fielding, and Richardson, but from that of Miss Austen. He has misgivings already: he admits that Maupassant was constrained to interpret as well as merely to reflect. But he shelters himself under M. Pellissier, who says that Maupassant is *passif et neutre*. Let him throw M. Pellissier aside and look at the matter simply for himself. Let him value out the "spectacles" of Jane and the spectacles of Guy. He has less brains than we credit him with from this Introduction if he does not sooner or later come to the conclusion that there is as much and as little that is *chromatic* in the one as in the other, or, if more in either, more in the Frenchman.

But no more of this. Defoe is certainly a Realist, and one of the first; a Naturalist (as far as that term can be applied inoffensively), and one of the first. And he displays this quality as well in "Moll Flanders" and in the certainly genuine part of "Roxana"—the latter part is mere chaos, and some things in the earlier are very puzzling—as well as anywhere. Both the heroines, though in very different ways, are interesting, because they are perfectly human, and because their adventures, though occasionally exceptional, are perfectly human likewise. It is perfect *mimesis*—perfect representation of life in certain phases. Moll is probably as elaborate a copy of a real type of woman as Defoe could manage. She is not exactly a "blessed woman," no doubt. But she has no bad blood; she would never do a gratuitously ill-natured thing; she is grateful in her way for pleasures and benefits received, and enjoys them thoroughly; she is even capable of affection. On the other hand, she has no imagination (Defoe himself had none); she is terribly afraid of poverty and discomfort; and she has no more conscience or trouble about the past than that remarkable Gina of Ibsen's in "The Wild Duck," who is extremely like her. With fair, ordinary, middle-class luck, Moll would have been, not probably, but certainly, as respectable and amiable a British matron of the common type as ever inhabited Thackeray's ideal Baker Street. Roxana, with rather more refinement, and therefore rather more capacities, is much worse morally. Mr. Baker is quite right in saying that she "never shows a trace of real affection or passion"; he might have gone further and said that she never shows a trace of real enjoyment. She is, like Moll, afraid of the absence of comfort, and, unlike Moll, of the absence of luxury. She is greedy. She is, if not exactly *bad*-blooded, though she is not far off it, perfectly *cold*-blooded, whereas Moll's blood is quite as warm as it should be, and a little more. If Roxana were established in Baker Street, she would transgress at the merest chance of getting into Belgrave Square.

These two personages Defoe takes, and they live for us. Everything that they do and say they would and must have done and said in the circumstances—there cannot be the slightest doubt about it in the mind of any competent critic. And the circumstances are not in the least "extravaganzaed" in order to bring their doings and sayings into higher relief. Neither career has been quite impossible at any time; either was extremely possible in Defoe's time. He has given them to us, not merely in their habit as they lived, but body and (as far as they had any) soul. This certainly is to be a Realist and a Naturalist "in the best sense of the terms," and not in that ambiguous use of the phrase of which the late Mr. Jowett is said to have availed himself in a certain testimonial. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana." By Daniel Defoe. With an Introduction by E. A. Baker. 6s. net. (George Routledge and Co.)

A POLAR ACHIEVEMENT.*

Here is a book which, according to the prevailing standards of criticism in an age of superfine and anæmic literature, one should "slate" unmercifully. Small attention is paid in it to the art of the sentence and the paragraph. The adjectives and adverbs are never recondite. Style and arrangement both lack harmony, and are often as inelegant as the musk-ox, which, judging from the photographs, is a creature more forcible than polite.

Nor can the book be held secure of criticism more sanely grounded. Though it is broken up into chapters, and these chapters have descriptive headings, it gives little other help to the reader who may either have lost his way or be anxious to make a reference in a hurry. He can apply to the index, but even that will not assist him to an understanding of

* "Nearest the Pole: A Narrative of the Polar Expedition of the Peary Arctic Club in the ss. *Roosevelt*, 1905-1906." By R. E. Peary, U.S.N. With ninety-eight Illustrations by the Author and two Maps. 21s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

From a picture in the possession of G. Villiers Briscoe, Esq.

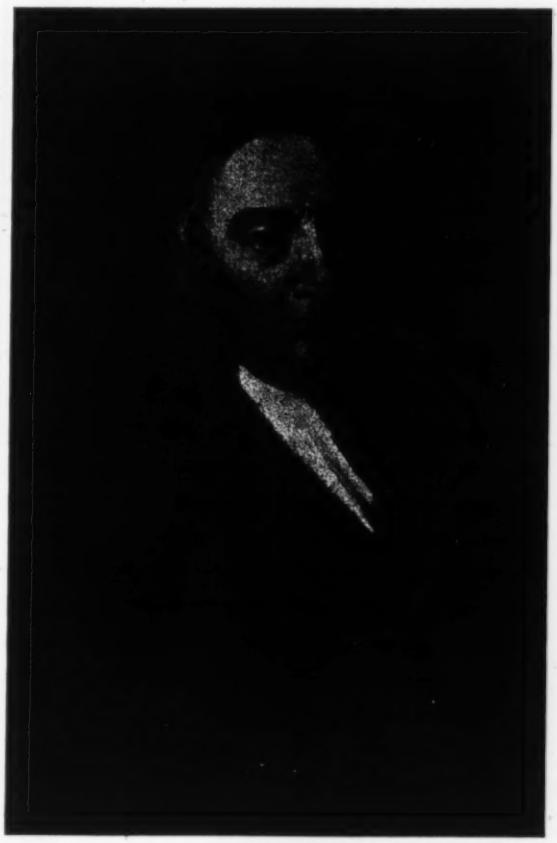
Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa).

(Reproduced from "Dean Swift and His Writings," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co.)

From a picture in the possession of G. Villiers Briscoe, Esq.

Esther Johnson (Stella).

(Reproduced from "Dean Swift and His Writings," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co.)



The Rev. Thomas Swifte.

Grandfather of Dean Swift.

Sir William Temple.

(Reproduced from "Dean Swift and His Writings," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co.)

where Commander Peary was in such-and-such a month; nor will it regulate to any satisfactory extent the progress of the story. There should have been dates at the top of the page, and inset "headings" in the middle. Both would have been a mercy.

One who has not enough science for a doorkeeper to the British Association hesitates to speak of the book as a scientific record. From that point of view, however, he hazards with bated breath the suggestion that it may not be found as complete—that is to say, as detailed—as could be wished by those who are quite at home in degrees of latitude, influence of currents, and so forth.

Nevertheless, though it be not verbally exquisite, though (as indeed the author ingenuously acknowledges in a preliminary "announcement") it bears the signs of rush and strain, though the scientists (imagining it is intended for them) may growl over its omissions, though, in short, its sins be as scarlet, it is a good, yes, an admirable book. Let him who wants an indication of its quality recall Hakluyt. In the narratives collected by that thrice-worthy man, the fascinations of honesty and spirit blind the reader to the absence of figures, and mysterious references, and piled-up, sordid facts. If Hakluyt, not having had the privilege of acquaintance with Baudelaire, failed to justify his method by declaring that energy is the supreme literary grace, he worked with a fine confidence in that assumption. Commander Peary, energetic in his war with words as in his battle with the ice, tells us a story which a literary Adonis would meddle with only to distort and emasculate. Could higher praise be bestowed on him than to say that, were Hakluyt now living and compiling, he would welcome him as a man and writer after his own heart?

Possibly Hakluyt would not have cared for the reference to the "man-child in the distant home" whose round face with its blue eyes and crown of yellow hair Commander Peary saw in his dreams smiling at him "from the savage mass of black clouds which shrouded the summit of the cape." But we, born in a more sentimental age, can readily excuse it, seeing that it contributes to the consummation of our desire to learn something of the explorer, his thoughts and feelings, as well as of his exploration. Others introduce these asides as if to impress the fact that, while they are heroes facing a great unknown, they remain men and brothers. In Commander Peary it is entirely natural. Not the least charm of his rugged tale is the insight it provides into the sensations of an ambitious adventurer. When—and this is the great instance—he reaches 87° 6′ north latitude, and, with only 174 nautical miles separating him from the Pole, has to turn back, his confession is delightfully human. He assumes none of those airs and graces which a good but unnatural explorer would proudly boast and expect us to believe in. No! "I thanked God with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out. It is perhaps an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation, which it might be supposed that I should have. As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment, combined perhaps with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition." Captain Scott's mental experience, if I remember rightly, was very like this when he was compelled to issue the order of retreat.

Human also, and therefore strong in its appeal to humanity, is the man's pride in his ship. "The ablest ship ever built for Arctic exploration" is his summing up of the *Roosevelt's* capacities. Let those judge who can between the *Roosevelt* and her rivals. I can only say that Commander Peary's descriptions of her prowess are powerfully persuasive. Behold her warfare with the ice!—"The *Roosevelt* fought like a gladiator, turning, twisting, straining with all her force, smashing her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steeplechaser taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one. The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod stem split it as a mason's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious." Then it was that Peary, hanging in the rigging, heard his companion—Bartlett, the sailing master and ice navigator—whisper through teeth clenched from the physical tension of the throbbing ship under them, "Give it to 'em, Teddy; give it to 'em!" The whole description, barring the humour of this ejaculation, is Homeric. How Hakluyt—our prose Homer, as Froude says—would have rejoiced in it!

The very essence of romance, of romance far purer than the Dumasian kind, is enshrined, not only in the story of the good ship's struggles with the floes, but in such incidents as the hunting of the musk-oxen, when on the return journey from "farthest North" to the *Roosevelt*, the party were desperately an-hungered, and the crossing of the "big lead." Reading the latter, we can see and hear the thin ice crackling under the sledges and snowshoes, and re-echo the sighs of relief as the men set their feet once more on solidity. Also, when the musk-oxen are slain and eaten, after a stealthy, breathless chase, we share almost the gratification of the Eskimos, who "sat themselves round (the tiny fire started with some willow twigs), and with occasional brief winks of sleep ate continuously for nearly two days and nights." Lest it be dimly suspected they were gourmands, I hasten to add that Commander Peary leads us to believe that quantity is everything, quality immaterial, in the sustenance required by Polar explorers. Moreover, the Eskimos pay for their keep. Refined they are not. Their immorality is as gross as their feeding. "But," says our author, "let us not forget that these people, trustworthy and hardy, will yet prove their value to mankind. With *their* help, the world shall discover the Pole."

The note of determination is strong throughout the book. Peary has failed and failed. He goes forth again with an unconquered courage. His readers at least will wish him and the *Roosevelt* good luck, and as fair a voyage as he can reasonably expect. They will also, by the way, hope he will get many more photographs as good as those which illustrate this volume—fitting accompaniment as they are to a fine story of man's resolution against the biggest and most aggravating obstacles Nature ever placed in his way.

THOMAS LLOYD.

TWO AND A HALF BRACE OF POETRY.*

Poetry—the word, like grouse, is plural as well as singular—are fairly plentiful this season, but by no means strong on the wing. It seems absurd that at this time of day we should have to repeat the warning we have so often given to keepers and breeders, but it has evidently fallen on deaf ears. We now declare once more that it is perfectly useless to attempt to tame these birds by the ordinary method of chopping sentences into lengths, seasoning them with rhymes, sprinkling them on paper and laying them out in the places where the birds nest. Even the patent afflatus food of Messrs. Shelley and Swinburne, though it gave good results in the hands of its inventors, has generally failed when used without discretion by others. Birds that have been fed upon it are usually remarkable for their wing-feathers, but there is no substance about them, and they make very poor eating. We may be old-fashioned, but we are sure we are right, when we say with emphasis that the Lindley-Murray food is the best. Give it regularly to the young birds, and you will be surprised at the splendid result when, later on, they are brought to the gun. We suppose, however, that this is a counsel of perfection. At any rate, we have come across very few owners of poetry-moors who have condescended to follow it.

We will now drop our metaphor and proceed to consider the five books of poetry on our list.

Miss Eleanor Gray has written "Eos and other Poems" (Kegan Paul; 2s. 6d. net). Here are the introductory lines of the title poem:—

> "Oh, Eos, bid me scale with thee Olympus' heights,
> Delay thy chariot wheels and on me look,
> As on young Tithonus that far-off morn,
> Whom loving, mad'st immortal."

With all deference, we suggest that in the first line there

are two superfluous syllables which might have been saved for use on some other and more legitimate occasion. It is the worst kind of poetic extravagance to employ twelve syllables where ten would do the work more efficiently. As to Tithonus, is he really so uncompromising a dactyl as Miss Gray makes him? There are a good many lyrics in this book. One of them, "To Antoinette and Her Dog," opens thus :—

"You ask me for a rhyme on your pet
As he sits as grave as 'Time,'
Gazing at you with sublime
Indifference to earth, as ne'er yet,
Antoinette!

Gazed upon you, lover, life to fret,
This is no gallant rover,
This one will ne'er discover
Faithless heart, if even you forget,
Antoinette!"

We have reproduced faithfully the punctuation of the original, for it gives a strange charm to the somewhat complicated structure of the verse.

For certain poets the death of Queen Victoria has a fatal attraction. Miss Gray has not resisted it. "Our hearts," she says,

"Our hearts are bowed, our words are few,
As slowly drag the mourning days:
God give us strength to tread the ways
Victoria trod in era new."

It is a pious wish. There are five other verses of equal merit.

We gather from some prefatory press tributes that "Moods and Memories" (Greening; 2s. 6d. net) is Mr. R. Henderson Bland's second volume of verse. Mr. Bland has some poetic feeling, but he is still in the stage of Swinburnian dalliance with loves that are—at least we hope so—for the most part imaginary. The sonnet measure, if used without discrimination, as Mr. Bland often uses it, gives an impression of excessive solidity and weight. It overwhelms its fragile subject beneath the mass of its form. In his lighter verse Mr. Bland's defects of style become very prominent. Where, for instance, is the *limae labor* in this piece entitled "Heloïse to Abelard":—

"Yes, I must long remember,
And you can't soon forget,
For still some dying ember
Must flame and flicker yet.

Yes, flame and fiercely burn,
As memories burn in me,
When I so madly yearn
For joys that cannot be."

Mr. Bland, it is only fair to admit, can do better than this, but the faults are typical of the loose and unpolished character of much of his writing.

From the same publishers (Greening and Co.) comes "The Dead God, and other Poems," by James Blackhall (2s. 6d. net). We judge Mr. Blackhall to be a young man, and we believe it to be possible that with care and much patience he may some day write a piece of poetry. He has imagination, and his ear can catch and his hand to a certain extent transcribe a strain of music, but structurally and metrically he is heedless, like Mr. Bland. There is some fine confused religious feeling in the four pieces of which the title-poem is composed, and there is a certain imaginative power to the due expression of which Mr. Blackhall is as yet inadequate. Here and there he attains to success, as in his "Sonnet to the Nightingale," but only four pages afterwards, in his invocation to the Thrush, he spoils what might have been a respectable stanza by using the word "list'ning" as a rhyme for "whisp'ring."

A truly remarkable effort is "The Career of John Bull," by an anonymous author (Kegan Paul; 3s. 6d. net). It is apparently an apologue, and it spreads with an unremitting industry of baffled achievement over 123 pages. We have failed, though we have striven hard, to discover what the author is driving at. Here is a sample of his accomplishments, Bull, his hero, having become a Parliamentary candidate :—

"He said efficiency he'd combine
With cheapness throughout every line
(A word for fetish acts as well
As any other kind of spell)."

We pause to note that this is hard on Lord Rosebery, but Mr. Chamberlain does not come off scot free :—

"He'd England's name abroad maintain,
And tariffs would impose again;
And put on patches here and there,
Where there might be too broad a tear.

Then meetings, canvassings, and such,
That mean so little and so much;
And talk on Church and State a lot,
And with no penny in the slot."

The last line is, if the term may be pardoned, a teaser.

The fifth book on our list is "Songs of Exile," by Maurice Brown (The Samurai Press, Norwich; 2s. net). The Samurai Press, of which, to our loss, we have not previously heard, issues also a prospectus of its purposes, among which is "an attempt at 'the comprehensive co-operation' of all who have an inspiring ideal in life and literature and seek it earnestly." In the meantime we may recognise that Mr. Maurice Brown is both earnest and mystical, and has seemingly lost a considerable amount of hope.

R. C. LEHMANN.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S WIT AND WISDOM.*

It is always tempting to construe the stories and plays of one who has excited our interest as if they were autobiography. And we feel the inclination still more when a life has been suddenly cut off, as in this instance, leaving its promise unfulfilled. The exquisite mind which subscribed to its creations a name fraught with New England prose, Puritan and commonplace, had gone through many changes. It was modern to the last fashion of speech and style; yet so little in love with our racing age that it took sanctuary in the old Church and found there all the rest of which it was capable. Ranging far and wide, in Catholicism it came to its home. The moods of its reflection are shadowed in the characters which it devised. But, after all, there is an unquiet air of romance about Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie that makes her more living than any of them. This "very woman" excelled the books, bright and delicately refined as they were, on which her fame will depend. She expresses a type, real and perhaps growing as common as such rare things can ever be—the temperament of an artist at strife with hard Northern associations, of a saintly soul in times given over to money-making, and of a sensitive nature bearing on it the tokens of the fire through which it has passed. From elements like these we may anticipate a philosophy somewhat defiant towards conventions, high-strung yet self-controlled, looking on to the possibilities of romance—that is to say, of all which makes life worth living—in days when religion shall have its own again. These forebodings may be true or false, but they make for literature. And so we get in "Life and To-morrow" a profoundly touching confession, where a select few at all events will read their hidden thoughts.

A book for women rather than men—like in this to the multitude of American writings, though much more scholarly. Everywhere, be the subject love or friendship, marriage or ideals, youth and age, religion, the drama, criticism, we are invited to consider "some emotions and a moral." The problem is constantly how life shall be managed in relation to Adam and Eve, neither of whom can quite understand the other. A comedy of errors naturally follows, and hence the ironical handling of situations in themselves tragic, the slight scorn for Eve, whose practical sense snatches at the apple, and who is frankly defined as a materialist. But Adam does not get off scot-free. He is a dreamer, intensely self-regarding, and goes his road, however reluctant Eve may feel to travel the same way. He "cannot be happy on sentiment alone," and there is the mischief. Yet his helpmeet judges him severely. "The visions which men follow," says "Robert Orange," in a striking passage, "seem to women absurd; their ambitions, apart from merely social distinctions, seem to women desolate," and so forth, ending in one of the most acute but most unkind utterances to be met with in books, "the contradiction between the flesh and the spirit does not enter into the feminine mind—she thinks her flesh is her spirit."

In a time like ours, when women are free as they never were before, these home truths require to be preached on the

* "Life and To-morrow." Selections from the Writings of John Oliver Hobbes. Arranged by Zoe Procter. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

house-top. "Religion is the one thing which can give either meaning or dignity to life," we read in "The Dream and the Business." But what religion? America brings out a new one every six months; and all are emotions, but few have much moral. The convert from Puritanism to the Roman Church finds in St. Ignatius Loyola's "Spiritual Exercises" what she was looking for, strength created by self-discipline. This inward asceticism, if we may believe her, is "a sealed mystery to most people except the Catholics and the Buddhists." "Protestants," in her experience, "never speak of it, never think of it. Their education is all for self-concealment." She calls Nonconformity "the Jewish religion without the synagogue," and cannot perceive in it any vision of the future. That which makes these opinions worth quoting is their authorship. Is it possible that cultivated American women, whose forefathers held with Jonathan Edwards, now should be accepting the Jesuit philosophy and falling under the spell of Catholic art? If so, the consequences will astonish a world which took for granted, perhaps too easily, the final permanent defeat of Rome in its contest with "enlightenment." Read these surely not uninstructive words. "The great ruthless public," says Mrs. Craigie in her own name, "has never responded, and can never be made to respond, to ideas which contradict its education. And here we come to the root of the matter. The education of the imaginative faculties and the ideals of romance have been taken absolutely from the national education in every class. . . . To most people the word romance suggests unreality, shams, the unpractical, the illogical, the fantastic, the impossible. To the sincere Roman Catholic, the Jew, and the Oriental it means the essence of everything that is worth time, or money, or thought; imagination is rightly treated as one of the highest intellectual faculties, and it is cultivated by the Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Oriental systems of education to the highest possible pitch. It is abused—everything human is abused—but of all our powers it is certainly the one which distinguishes us as human beings from the brutes."

Can we fancy a turning of the tables on mere mechanical enlightenment more effective and complete than this? Or an argument that throws a more vivid ray on the disease from which modern States are suffering? All through her brief and brilliant career Mrs. Craigie was intent on couching the eyes that have remained in presence of the true life as blind as if no soul ever dwelt in them. She was a power for light, for character, for the immaterial, for distinction of word and inwardness of motive. Her place may not be among the supreme, but it cannot be taken from her. She explored many worlds; she chose the best, and lived in it courageously. This volume is her fitting memorial, set up by her own genius. It combines the sincerity of the artist with the refinement of the Christian; it is delightful as literature, and constantly goes straight to the mark.

WILLIAM BARRY.

ALICE!*

"July 4 [1862]. I made an expedition *up* the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half-past eight."

This, written privately in Mr. Dodgson's diary, is the only birth announcement with which the immortal child "Alice" was greeted. This, too, is the modest manner in which the diarist, the learned professor, of Christ Church, hid the fact that on that summer afternoon he had become a new man—one Lewis Carroll. It was not until some time later that the light which illuminated that tersely-recorded fact and revealed all that it meant, was flashed from the opposite page—"On which occasion," the added words declared, "I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice."

When that undertaking was carried out, the story of the birth of "Alice" was prettily told in the simple verses which took the place of a *Preface* in the volume:—

"All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such a hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict 'to begin it'—
In gentler tones Secunda hopes
'There will be nonsense in it'—
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not *more* than once a minute.

Anon to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time'—'It *is* next time!'
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun."

"I believe," wrote the real "Alice," after Lewis Carroll's death, "the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition, 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time!' would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day perhaps the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay."

On the same day, three years after that happy picnic at Godstow, the Alice who had helped to plead for a story, the gentle Secunda who hoped that there would be nonsense in it, received the first presentation copy of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," faithfully retold in print, and decorated with John Tenniel's inspired illustrations.

What was the nursery world like, we wonder, before "Alice" came into it? How did children know what the Mad Hatter was like, or the March Hare, or how the Cheshire Cat grinned? In 1865 Lewis Carroll told these secrets to the children of that period, and they have never been forgotten. For us the Dodo will never be extinct; the Mock Turtle will never be a mere culinary sham. We have seen them both. For us, whenever we hear the workman on the roof, talking as he loosens the slates or manipulates the chimney cowl, we think of poor little Bill, the lizard, chosen by an arbitrary fate to go down the chimney of the White Rabbit's little house to discover the meaning of the huge Alice inside. And a red rose bush to this day leaves us wondering just a little whether the Queen's gardeners *did* plant a white rose by mistake, and came out early to rectify the error with red paint.

Forty-two years ago the entrance-fee to this "Wonderland" was six shillings. Now one shilling will open up the same country to a younger generation; and it is well that this terribly civilised younger generation should have this reduced gate-money, and should learn that there may be other things underground than "Twopenny Tubes" and gas and water pipes. Well will it be for the twentieth century child if he or she can summon a right credulity, and can see with the eyes of his or her imagination the scut of the White Rabbit at Charing Cross terminus as he hurries off to keep his appointment with the Duchess; or the grin of the Cheshire Cat coming out of the darkness as the tunnel is entered at Shepherd's Bush.

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

*"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. Miniature Edition. With Illustrations by John Tenniel. 1s. net. (Macmillan.)

DUNBAR'S POEMS.*

The authorities of the Cambridge University Press are to be congratulated upon having furnished the public with a complete and sound edition of Dunbar, similar in size and appearance, though not in binding, to the well-known series of "Cambridge English Classics." Mr. Baildon has provided an excellent text, founded upon the labours of Schipper and of the Scottish Text Society's editors. In his introduction he deals, *inter alia*, with the spelling, pronunciation, grammar, and metre of Dunbar's time. His glossary appears to be copious and accurate, while in his notes he shirks no difficulties, but rather steps boldly into the breach and, very properly, volunteers his own explanation of the passages in his author (and they occur with tolerable frequency) which are obscure in varying degrees to the point of being unintelligible. The book is thus very convenient for the student, who has hitherto had to depend upon his Schipper and his S.T.S., which have many merits, but not that of being easily compressed into the small compass of a Gladstone bag or a portmanteau. To one who is not in some small degree a student, Dunbar can never appeal. His master, Chaucer, is built upon so majestic a scale—is so informed with benevolence and humanity—that even the man in the street thinks he knows something about him, and echoes the imbecile aspiration of his halfpenny evening rag about bringing back the England of Chaucer's time. But no Scot ever pretended to cant about restoring the Scotland of Dunbar, and to understand Dunbar you must know something of the age in which he lived, and the ideas with which he was conversant.

This qualification Mr. Baildon fulfils to a reasonable extent, but, while his text is satisfactory, it is not easy to be enamoured of his methods, either as a critic or as a commentator. He revels in conjecture, and a paragraph (pp. xvi. and xvii.), absolutely bristling with the adverb "probably" and its corresponding adjective, winds up with the ultroneous conclusion that Dunbar's domestic affections were prevented, by his being estranged from his relatives and by his celibacy, "from ever being properly cultivated." No one, of course, knows anything about Dunbar's relatives or his domestic affections. But Mr. Baildon is certified that Dunbar's was probably a "nervous temperament" (p. 266), nay, that his nature was "neurotic" (p. 290). Again, it seems that in a British Museum MS. containing the poem, "Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre," there is a rudely drawn head which may or may not be Dunbar's. To Mr. Baildon's mind "there is something rather convincing and individual about the crude drawing that pleads for its authenticity." In other words, he chooses to think that the drawing represents Dunbar, and, forgetting that physiognomy is not yet an exact science, proceeds to read into the features the mental and moral characteristics of the poet as he deciphers them from his works (p. xxiii.). This used to be a familiar enough *modus operandi* with editors of Shakespeare, but is now exploded.

The truth is that Mr. Baildon, in his introduction and commentary, supplies us with rather too much of what (he innocently believes) "is now called 'personal equation.'" Not that we suggest for a moment the propriety of an editor concealing his personality. The personality of the editor in all great editions (in Munro's "Lucretius," as in Croker's "Boswell") is as manifest as the personality of the author in all great works. But tradition and convention prescribe the mode in which that personality must be expressed, and the limits within which that personality must find expression. Mr. Baildon is a little too gushing. He is too apt to resolve all doubts by a reference to what he himself "feels." He "rather feels," for example, that in the "Goldin Targe," Dunbar has used "remarkably few" "aureate" terms (p. 248). Instead of giving utterance to so eccentric an opinion, an editor had better have spent his time on a concise and well-packed excursus on what the "aureate" dialect really is. So, too, he "feels" by no means certain that Dunbar wrote "Devorit in dreme," for he "feels" that in that poem there is a kind of lilt or rhythmic movement different from that of his usual style (p. 279). We scarcely needed the testimony of Mr. Baildon's family gardener to assure us that "keely" meant a guttersnipe or "cad" (p. 271). The Edinburgh Academy boys were hybristically speaking of High School "keelies" long before Mr. Baildon "wes in yowth on nureiss kne." Some of the notes seem merely otiose. It must surely be superfluous to remark that "*spirling*, like a good many names of fish, especially in Scotland, as herring, trout, etc., is plural as well as singular." We are not aware of any difference on this head in the educated idiom of the two portions of the island. But it might perhaps have been worth noting that the English equivalent of the spurling is (or so at least we believe) the smelt.

We are grateful to Mr. Baildon for including in this volume the "Freiris of Berwick," and other doubtful pieces. Great pains appear to have been expended in seeing the work through the press. By a curious oversight, Mr. G. Gregory Smith's indispensable "Specimens of Middle Scots," does not appear to be referred to. Only two misprints have caught the reviewer's eye. One is "Cockelbie's Son," for "Cockelbie's Sow" (p. 263). The other is a gem: a misprint of the sort which the exercise of no vigilance can apparently avert, and which consequently every author hails with delight in the pages of a brother. It is "Lord Bernard Shaw," for "Lord Bernard Stewart" (p. 277).

J. H. MILLAR.

* "The Poems of William Dunbar." With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By H. Bellyse Baildon, M.A., Ph.D. 6s. net. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

LETTERS AND ESSAYS.*

A friend of Mr. John Morley, Richard Holt Hutton, Mr. Francis Storr and Mr. D. C. Lathbury, Miss Mary Christie, who was a valued contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its Radical days, as well as to the *Journal of Education*, the *Guardian*, and the *Spectator*, was the daughter of that friend of Thomas Carlyle who helped him to found the London Library, and was herself the originator and promoter of the scheme which resulted in the Art for Schools Association. Both Ruskin and Watts wrote to Miss Christie on this subject as to a personal friend, and, while Ruskin upheld the fact that "the object is to attach children to pure and noble types of humanity, and to beautiful aspects of nature; and this may be done in a measure by any good work of art," Watts enforced the argument by the following weighty words:—

> "Poetry and Art and Music have become more important, I think, than they have ever been. The influence of unbeautifying habits must become more and more baneful if the most strenuous efforts are not made to counteract them."

These letters add to the value of the book, but its supreme attraction lies in the letters and essays of Mary Christie herself and in her own sincere and vital personality. The warmth and energy of her character, the veracity and independence of her outlook, the fearless outspokenness of her faith and of her unselfish devotion to others, breathe such a living reality into views, not in themselves unusual, that to dip into these pages is like coming into some glowing and uplifting presence, to feel the grip of a fervent and friendly hand, to look into the eyes of a fellow-creature who understood and sympathised, rebuked, consoled, inspired.

The memoir prefixed to this collection of writings is as interesting as it is brief. From the time of her birth in 1847 to that of her death in July, 1906, the chief events of Miss Christie's life seem to have been friendships and good deeds, and that courageous following of the Light which called her, out of the wilderness of agonised doubt and through the humanitarian philosophy of Positivism, into a constructive and enlightened faith which seems to have thrilled with quick-beating life and practical human tenderness.

"It would," says the editor of the book, "be impossible to give a complete idea of her personality to anyone who did not know her. A friend once told her she was the most serious-minded and the most light-minded person he had ever known. A memorial notice in the *Journal of Education* said:—"With a *fond* of deep seriousness she combined a keen sense of humour and a flow of delightful nonsense. An original thinker, always living in the world of thought and idea, with a fine taste in literature, art, and poetry, she yet took the deepest interest in the practical details of everyday life, and loved to administer them."

* "A Tardiness in Nature, and Other Papers." By Mary Elizabeth Christie. Edited, with Introductory Note and Memoir, by Maud Withers. (Manchester University Press.)

Notwithstanding a great *joie de vivre*, she was subject to occasional moods of profound depression, and was characterised by extreme frankness and outspokenness on any point of difference with those she loved. "There was," adds her friend, Miss Withers, who edits the book, "a certain severity about her—'the sharp axe of doom,' a friend called it—and her personal criticism or rebuke was apt to be decidedly scathing, but her affectionate warm heart was filled with contrition as soon as she found that she had really given pain. She was open-handed as she was open-hearted: nothing was a trouble to her that would help or please another, and her great desire was to share with others all that was precious to herself."

"Her reviewing," we are told, "was done with the thoroughness that was one of her chief characteristics." Mr. Lathbury pays the highest tribute to her many-sided trustworthiness and literary excellence as a contributor, and R. H. Hutton used to telegraph to her if he wanted a special article in an emergency.

As regards the quality of this particular selection from her work, in which two or three of the essays are unmistakably enduring literature, on one point only must serious criticism be permitted. The verses included, though deeply interesting and distinctive in thought, have so little distinction of workmanship as compared with the distinguished level reached by the essays, that it seems a pity the book did not include instead one of her short stories from the *Journal of Education*—stories in which her beautiful prose—in the essays often trenchant and vigorous, a sharp-edged weapon on due occasion—was remarkable for a delicate charm that, by its elusive fascination, recalls the best work of Pierre Loti, without any touch of that futile sentimentalism which has now and then been known to waylay him.

As an example of her versatility, we may remark that, while the book contains delightful descriptive papers about Kew Gardens and Covent Garden Market, one of the most brilliant of the essays is the one on Spring-cleaning, and one of the freshest and most individual perhaps the one on Robert Louis Stevenson, of which the following illuminating sentence is a fragment:—

"Now Mr. Stevenson knew all about the spirit of adventure, and he never forgot the name of the only spell that binds it. We would not affront his memory by finding a moral in any of his tales; but we may say, without fear of offence, that honour supplies the motive of them all, and completes the circle of their charm."

With Miss Christie's discerning and whole-hearted appreciation of Thackeray the present reviewer is much more completely at one than with the merciless, though able, criticism of George Eliot's later novels. In admiration of the earlier novels—"Tales of Clerical Life," "Silas Marner," and "Adam Bede"—Miss Christie yields to none.

Characteristic of her own style at its best and admirably true, is her verdict on the work of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, as summed up in the following sentence:—

"It is feminine in the sense in which to be feminine is to respond with the ring of a distinct yet sympathetic note to all that is masculine. In a century surfeited with cant about the equality of the sexes, the daughter of the most virile genius of modern fiction has achieved in the same arena in which her father triumphed a success absolutely original and absolutely feminine."

To one who had admired the artistry of Miss Christie's stories long before the pleasant day that brought about a meeting with Miss Christie herself, the papers on Thackeray seem the finest among much that is fine in this noble and awakening book, and much more convincing than the striking note on Cordelia which gives its name to the volume. It is not surprising that they brought her a charming letter from his daughter. But they cannot be judged by single sentences, though here is one short passage which will speak for itself:—

"Thackeray discarded the romantic convention, and set himself to use his large imagination and perfect style to dramatise, with uncompromising artistic truth, as much of the life of the world as the limits of his individuality allowed him to focus. But there he stopped. It never occurred to him to hunt up and 'work up' abnormal and recondite aspects of life; he could not have done this without ceasing to be natural; had he ceased to be natural, he would not have won a place among the immortals. For, cruel as the saying sounds in a day when the work of almost all our writers of fiction 'smells of the lamp,' it is yet a true saying that every lamp that burns an artificial light is doomed to burn itself out in the course of a very few decades, while only the light of natural genius shines for all the ages."

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE GENTLEMAN.*

Whether the present reprint is a facsimile or not, is nowhere stated in it. Presumably not, since it is based on an imperfect copy, the pagination of which has been corrected. But the frontispieces of the 1622 and 1634 editions are reproduced, and the whole book is printed in an antique type and bound (strongly) in white parchment, or an imitation of it, with turned edges—very elegant, very genteel, and cheap too. Peacham is so interesting and pertinent still that he deserves a more legible type and less delicate covers.

Mr. Gordon, whose Introduction is excellent from the historical and antiquarian points of view, refuses to be drawn into the discussion: What is a gentleman? "The attempt to define the gentleman," he says, "is as old as the institution of nobility itself; and every age, since literature began, has claimed the right to make its own definition." Has not the subject furnished matter for more than one silly-season controversy? Properly speaking, the gentleman, like the deity and the ether, has always been defined by his attributes. Peacham provides no definition. Our modern conception of the gentleman is gloriously, Britishly, illogical; compounded of birth, morals, manners, money, tailoring, and the more superficial conventions. Partly for that reason; also because he is encroached upon by aristocrats, plutocrats, "rough diamonds," and "nature's gentlemen"; because the Gospel of Work has been preached, and because, to be frank, he hardly justifies the expense of keeping him up—the gentleman, as a species, is showing a tendency to disappear, to become absorbed, to be evolved out of his separate existence. He is not dead yet, nor even dying; but worse, he is frequently absurd. To the little town in which I am writing, there comes in the summer an old minstrel, accompanied by an unkempt retriever dog. Vamping tunelessly on his concertina, he sings, also tunelessly, "Darling Mabel" and "The Cock o' the North." Then he bows grandiloquently, and the dog collects. On a board, slung to the man's neck, there is something to this effect: "Kind friends, I am a gentleman born. I first saw light in Mayfair, London. This is my only means of earning an honest livelihood." Wherefore Gen'leman Dick receives more money and much more consideration than any other minstrel who comes here. Peacham mentions a young gentleman who, being abroad and wishful to enter a great man's household, excused his utter uselessness thus: "Sir (quoth this young man), I am a Gentleman borne, and can onely attend you in your Chamber, or waite upon your Lordship abroad. See (quoth Monsieur de Ligny, for so was his name) how your Gentry of England are bred. . . ." Says Mr. Gordon in his Introduction:—

"The decay of the Courtier had given a new settlement to the long-standing quarrel of Court and Country, and the result was that excellent person, who in the seventeenth century saved England and astonished Europe, and has won ever since their respect and admiration, Peacham's ideal, the enlightened and public-spirited Country Gentleman."

Compare that with Mr. Galsworthy's analysis of the same personage in "The Country House," or with Mr. Sydney Olivier's keen remarks on him in (if I may quote a Fabian publication without being committed to Fabianism) an essay on the Moral Basis of Socialism:—

"The same necessity [of justifying economic parisitism] causes an exaggerated tribute of praise to be paid to such really useful work as is done under no compulsion but that of the social instinct. This kind of activity is habitually pointed to, by the friends of those who are engaged in it, as evidence of extraordinary virtue. A few hours of attention every week to the condition of the poor, a few gratuitously devoted to local administration, a habit of industry in any branch of literature or science: these are imputed as an excess of righteousness by persons who denounce the wage labourer as an idler and a shirk."

Truly our institution of gentility is in a bad muddle, to say nothing of the co-equal institution of snobbery. That is why Peacham is so interesting. His notion of a gentleman was fairly coherent.

He was, besides, far from satisfied with the gentility of his own day. "Hereby I onely give to know, that there is nothing more deplorable, than the breeding in generall of our Gentlemen . . . which I can impute to no other thing than the remissnesse of Parents, and the negligence of Masters in their youth." Born in 1576, son of a rector,

* "Peacham's Compleat Gentleman." 1634. With an Introduction by G. S. Gordon. 5s. net. (Tudor and Stuart Library: The Clarendon Press.)

Henry Peacham became in turn scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, a schoolmaster, travelling tutor to the sons of the Earl of Arundel (whence apparently his taint of flunkeyism), and lastly, it seems, a more or less decayed author. "The Compleat Gentleman, Fashioning him absolut, in the most necessary and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Body," is founded, as Mr. Gordon points out, on a basis of utilitarianism and nationalism. And as Mr. Gordon also points out :—

"It is never the really great age that makes most play with the motive of utility; and Peacham is distinguished from his predecessors of the Renaissance by nothing more than by this, that utility is the prime and unfailing test of the validity of his scheme."

His style is both humorous and anecdotal; quaintly compounded of academic stiffness and shreds of the classics, together with a fine directness and homeliness. On education he is delightfully piquant; even bitter in his criticism of schoolmasters and shortsighted parents.

"Some [pupils] are quicke of capacity, and most apprehensive, others as dull . . . but we see on the contrary, out of the Master's carterly judgement, like Horses in a teame, they are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the Schoole, *αὐτοδίδακτοι* (which he culs out to admiration if strangers come, as a Costardmonger his fairest Pippins), like fleete hounds goe away with the game, when the rest need helping over the stile a mile behind."

That is precisely how our own schools are advertised.

The long chapter on heraldry seems to have been the most important of all in its author's eyes, though it can hardly be considered so at the present time, when the assumption of coats of arms (of which Peacham greatly complains) by men of no pedigree, has proceeded *ad absurdum*, and all soft handed folk belong to the esquirage. The chapters on nobility in general, education, the university, antiquities and painting—Peacham's own particular accomplishment which, he says, his masters could never beat out of him—are more permanent in their interest; and, indeed, though no small part of the book is a catalogue of classical examples and ensamplers, it is as a whole well worth reading, and that not only on account of its sociological value. Mr. Gordon states not quite correctly, I think, that "The Compleat Gentleman" is a record of the manners, education, and way of thinking of the better sort of Cavalier gentry before the Civil wars. Peacham was a schoolmaster. Least of all men nowadays, should we expect a schoolmaster writing for instruction, to paint the gentleman as he is in life. We should anticipate a picture of the gentleman as he ought to be, according to one or other of the current ideals. And so probably with Peacham. STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

POETS' COUNTRY.*

In this book of little more than three hundred and fifty pages, Messrs. Churton Collins, Andrew Lang, E. H. Coleridge, W. J. Loftie, and Michael Macmillan, attempt to trace the relations of many English poets with their natural environment. It is an interesting and almost a new aim, but it has been deliberately doomed to failure. For the number of poets chosen is excessive—it includes Denham, Mallet, Langhorne, and Charlotte Smith. The manner of dealing with them varies considerably with the critics to whom they are entrusted, except that it is almost always in a popular manner. Finally, that great reader, Professor Collins, has done too much; he alone treats of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Cowper, Crabbe, and Tennyson, as well as Denham, Dyer, Akenside, Armstrong, Shenstone, Grainger, Mallet, Smollett, Goldsmith, Collins, Falconer, the Wartons, Beattie, Scott of Amwell, and many more. Hardly any serious attempt has been made to show the connection or the significant contrast between the work of the poets and the natural surroundings of their birth or their choice. The most serious is Mr. Coleridge; but he is too poetical, too fond of throwing his responsibilities on the shoulders of a charming quotation. The least serious is Mr. Lang, who is allowed to laugh about Shelley for fifteen pages in the style of an after-dinner speech. He is continually in this vein :—

"Meanwhile, listening to Mab,
The spirit
In ecstasy of admiration felt
All knowledge of the past revived,"

including some hints on the civilisation of prehistoric Greenland.

Of Alastor's boat on "the lone Chorasmian shore" he remarks :—

"The boat not being padlocked, he goes on board and pushes off."

Between these two come Messrs. Collins, Loftie, Macmillan—solemn men. Professor Collins's extracts alone are so many and well chosen that he must be allowed to have done his work fairly well. But his principle is to assume that if a poet is a Warwickshire man, all that the critic has to do is to go to Warwickshire, and with the poetry singing in his head look lovingly at the fields. This leads him to write :—

"And what is the following but an April photograph of the riverside from Chalcote to the bathing place?

"Thy banks with peonied and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns. . . ."

'peonied and twilled brims,' being river banks covered with marigolds and reeds."

When he came to Collins's "Ode to Evening" and "Ode on the Death of Thomson" he formally asks, "Can they be localised?" and goes on :—

"Whoever is acquainted with the neighbourhood of Chichester, and has wandered along the roads through the fields there when the shades of evening are falling, will have no difficulty in understanding what suggested and inspired this incomparable sketch :—

"'O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun,' etc."

Yet Mr. Collins does no more to interpret the poet than did the gentleman who carved the poet's silky brow and perfect calves on the wall of Chichester Cathedral.

It is doubtful whether it is possible at present to do much towards connecting a poet's work with his natural environment, but it is at least certain that it cannot be done except by critics with the most acute observation of Nature and letters, and none such is to be found in this book. The fifty coloured reproductions of oil paintings by Mr. Francis S. Walker are an interesting record of a true love for poets' landscapes, but even they include the Hall of Stoke Manor because the coat-of-arms over the fireplace may have suggested "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," etc., to Gray.

TWELFTH CENTURY BOHEMIANS.*

There is an interest in the first of everything : Adam, the first railway engine, the first time we go out to tea without a nurse, the first call of the cuckoo in the Spring; all these, to take a few differing examples, find their importance to us in their firstness. The songs of the wandering students of the middle ages claim this from us; that we should recognise in them the first stirring of the pagan spirit of the Renaissance, the blackthorn flower of the dark centuries, the small white flower that comes before the leaves. John Addington Symonds's delighted recognition is in the little volume of translations that he dedicated with perfect fitness to the author of "A Lodging for the Night," himself a wandering student.

It is astonishing at first thought that the delicate free feeling of many of these poems should have been possible in such a time, and even more astonishing that it should have been so expressed. For this is a poetry that has escaped the chains of fierce contemporary life, and found a not sentimental Arcadia. The only parallel that I can find is in the music of the monks. I was sitting in a walled garden with this book in my hands a day or two ago, now and again looking at the verses, when, in a house near by, that had once been part of a priory, someone began playing old monkish tunes upon a piano. In that music, the music of the very men against whose asceticism and cynicism, "that two-fold bitter almond," as Symonds wrote, the bright paganism of the poetry was a revolt, I was surprised with the same aloofness from the impertinent turmoils of the world. I thought, as I listened, that the monks had never been forced to forget that while their melodies would be played on earth they would be overheard in heaven. The comparison that shaped itself may

* Poets' Country." Edited by Andrew Lang. With fifty Reproductions in Colour from Oil Paintings by Francis S. Walker. 21s. net. (Jack.)

* "Wine, Women, and Song : Mediæval Latin Students' Songs." Translated by John Addington Symonds. The Kings Classics. 1s. 6d. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

seem extravagant; but, really, the wandering students were left to their clarity of feeling by conditions curiously like those which made such music possible. They, like the monks, were an order, apart from lay mankind, independent of the squabbles of towns or the fortunes of leaders. They were cloistered and celled on the high roads. Theirs was the freedom of the world, but theirs also security from its disturbances. I am reminded of a modern wandering poet:

"The world cursed him, and he cursed it,"

and neither party was a penny the worse or better. The price of wine, the complacency of landlords, and the bright eyes of tavern wenches mattered more to them than the clash of kingdoms. They were not veiled from themselves by any entanglements of comfort or property, but came fresh to life, eager, unspoiled.

"In this sect of ours 'tis writ:
Prove all things in season;
Weigh this life, and judge of it
By your riper reason."

They believed, judging, as this world should be judged, by the riper reason of twenty-two years, that wine, women, and song were the sweetest things in life, and they were able to put their judgments into poetry.

In this poetry we can read all their life. Wandering from town to town, they knew the taverns of the roads, and observed humorously, but with the smart of experience:—

"Rusticus dum se
Sentit ebriatum,
Clericum non reputat
Militem armatum."

As they travelled, they came in now and again for dances on the village greens:—

"There the lad who lists may see
Which among the maids is kind:
There young limbs deliciously
Flashing through the dances wind:
While the girls their arms are raising,
Moving, winding o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
They have stolen the soul of me!"

And of course they fell frequently in love, and, in true student fashion, wooed their sweethearts in song. They were learned men, at least by courtesy, and, lest they should lose the honour of their erudition, they loaded their ladies with metaphors. No Don Quixote ever more extravagantly praised his Dulcinea del Toboso:—

"Ah! should Jove but find my fair,
He would fall in love I swear,
And to his old tricks repair:
In a cloud of gold descending,
As on Danae's brazen tower,
Or the sturdy bull's back bending,
Or would veil his godhood's power
In a swan's form for an hour."

And, partly because these well-worn metaphors, willing servants of amorous youth though they are, have not an indefinite number of permutations and combinations, partly because it is difficult to rise consistently and promptly to lyric ecstasies in wandering loves, partly again because Dulcinea's name is always hidden under the discreet, classic reticence of Caecilia, or Flora; because of these three facts I suspect that the love songs formed a common armoury drawn upon on all occasions. Many millers' daughters were proud to hear the same praises under the name of Caecilia, and the poetry of all the order contributed to the success of each young student's love-making.

They were the first of the Bohemians, and knew, with pride, that their part in life was not that of the good citizen:—

"Laymen we spurn from our alliance,
Like brutes to art deaf, dumb to science."

It was their Bohemianism, their complete freedom from the vices, virtues, and responsibilities of respectability, a freedom only equalled inside the monastery walls, that gave them clear eyes to look at their own hearts, and anticipate the lucid feeling and silver melody of the Renaissance.

It is true that they had better chances of life than modern Bohemians, depending as they did on charity rather than on reviewing—who would not rather wander as beggar than sit still as a writer of reviews?—but their creed, their attitude was the same:—

"Should a tyrant rise and say,
'Give up wine!' I'd do it;
'Love no girls!' I would obey,
Though my heart should rue it.
'Dash thy lyre!' suppose he saith,
Naught should bring me to it;
'Yield thy lyre or die!' my breath,
Dying, should thrill through it."

If we give the tyrant his name, of Poverty, we find in this bugle call of a verse the spirit of the real Bohemia, and also its justification.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

HUGO'S INTELLECTUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

This volume, composed of the last of Victor Hugo's posthumous manuscripts, constitutes in English an entirely new and unpublished work. This is rather different from what would appear to a reader of the title-page, where the book is described, we think inadvertently, as "the last of the unpublished works." Mr. O'Rourke has accomplished his difficult task of translation excellently, and his yet more difficult task of appreciation even brilliantly. His study of Hugo is frankly that of a disciple. It is imitative of his master, or perhaps we should say inspired by his master throughout. But it is none the worse for that. Had it been inspired by some ancient classic everyone would admire an equally successful result. We cannot see the fault in being spurred to emulation of a great modern, even though the model be followed as closely as Milton followed the ancient epic poets. It may not be modest or prudent; but it is not in itself a fault. What could be more appropriate, for instance, than these sentences on the fame of Hugo:—

"For eighty years his name shone like a beacon light in European literature. Against its crystal the bats and moths of learning of all lands have beaten in vain. At times an eagle like Swinburne mistakes it for the sun and soars into its flames."

The "autobiography" itself was left with Hugo's heirs in the form of a bulky copy-book bearing the title "A Postscript to my Life," and it dates from the poet's exile, when his health underwent a grave crisis which casts a shadow of melancholy over his later writings. The work has not quite the biographical character which is indicated in the English title; but it is a species of note-book covering several sides of Victor Hugo's intellectual life, embodying chiefly the ideas of his maturity, and throwing new light upon his literary processes. Its publication was reserved by the poet's heirs as the chief memorial of the recent Victor Hugo Centenary; and it attracted great interest in Europe, where it was regarded as the most authoritative commentary upon the personality of the greatest poet of France.

The first half of the volume is devoted to art and literature; the second half gives the author's mature convictions upon those subjects of his life-long meditations—God, the soul, destiny, science, religion. Some briefer fragments are collected and placed last in order in the volume—"chips of the mighty workshop," detached thoughts on all sorts of subjects: history, politics, morality, the sentiments, love, woman, etc. Thus—as the English editor says—"the book constitutes a valuable commentary on Hugo's work as a whole. Closing the cycle of his immense literary achievement, which seems almost to span a century, it will bear comparison with his great prose. It is as if the golden trumpet-tones, so long stilled, were heard again from the Pantheon. In these pages we meet with new aspects of that familiar Olympian style, which is as individual in literature as are the sculptures of Michelangelo in art. This prose bears the stamp of the eagle's talon, and has the eagle's breadth of wing."

It is impossible by quotation to give any idea of the grandeur of the book as a whole. It is cloudy and chaotic—sometimes even self-contradictory. On one page, for instance, drawing a distinction between German and Italian music, Hugo affirms that the latter is merely "beautiful," while the former is "sublime"—at any rate as typified by Beethoven. On another page he asserts passionately and dramatically that he who has said "beautiful" has said

* "Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography" ("Postscriptum de Ma Vie"). Translated, with a study of the last phase of Hugo's genius, by Lorenzo O'Rourke. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

"sublime." Mr. O'Rourke should look to his version here, we think; but even if in this instance the translator be at fault, there are many instances where the seeming confusion emanates from Hugo. But when one has read the book as a whole one perceives that the apparent confusions and paradoxes are those of the universe itself. The clouds are the children of an infinite sea and a splendid sun.

Wonderfully illuminating passages abound. For instance, for "romantic" translate "primitive." A primitive genius does not necessarily belong to what we call "primitive times." It is a genius which, whatever the age and whatever the civilisation to which it belongs, springs directly from nature and humanity; whoever drinks at the grand source is primitive; whoever has a soul and gives it is primitive. That aspect of nature which is called society inspires quite as many primitive creations as that other aspect of nature called barbarism. Don Quixote is as primitive as Ajax. One defies gods, the other windmills; both are men. Nature, humanity—these are the living waters. The epoch amounts to nothing. One may be a primitive genius at a secondary epoch, such as the sixteenth century, witness Rabelais; and at a tertiary epoch, like the seventeenth, witness Molière.

The primitive poet has predecessors, but no guides. Do not allow yourself to yield to optical illusions. Vergil is not Dante's guide; it is Dante who drags along Vergil, and whither does he lead him? To Satan. Vergil is hardly capable of going alone to the realm of Pluto.

Again, what could be better or more complete than Hugo's terse answer to the sickly puerilities of the school of criticism, which has attacked what, in its queer argot, is called "form."

"The logomachy was curious. This school had issued the decree: 'Style excludes thought. The image kills the idea. . . .' Now it is the contrary that is the truth. Form is harmony. If there is no substance, of what is form the form?"

How magnificent, again, is this on "genius." "The initiate and the strong alone know the algebra that lurks in music; genius knows all, and what it does not know it divines, and what it does not divine it invents, and what it does not invent it creates; and it invents the true and creates the life-like. It possesses at heart the mathematics of art; it is at ease among the confusion of stars and heavens. Number has nothing to teach it; it extracts from it with the same facility the binomial for calculus and rhythm for imagination. It has its box of tools, employing iron where others have only lead, and steel where others have only iron, and the diamond where others have only steel, and the star where others have only the diamond; it has the grand mode of correction, the grand regularity, the grand syntax, the grand method, and the use of all these is its own secret. It has something in it of the infinite. All inspirations come from the same source. . . . The poet is the son of the muse; he is also the child. But this childhood resembles that of the Nazarean in the temple. It teaches. The doctors listen; its finger is lifted."

To Hugo, as revealed in this book, life meant an eternal progress towards Godhead. Art, science, literature, religion, have no meaning for him except as instruments of this progress, which is everlasting, because its end is infinite and inexhaustible. To live truly is to be in love with God. Love is the secret which makes that everlasting increase of sympathy, as it were, worth while. Science and poetry may be described as two of the senses of that love.

"Forward!" It is the word of Jason and of Columbus. Supposition—that is to say, the ascent to the invisible stage—tempts the great calculating genius as it does the great lyric genius. The lever of conjecture alone can move that incommensurable world, the possible. On condition, it is true, that it has a fulcrum, fact. Kepler was wont to say: "*Hypothesis is my right arm.*"

Without intuition, no great science, no great poetry. Urania, the twin muse, sees at the same time the concrete and the ideal. She places one hand on Archimedes and the other on Homer. Partial views have only exactness and smallness. The microscope is great because it seeks the germ. The telescope is great because it seeks the centre. All that is not that is nomenclature, vain curiosity, trivial art, foolish science, dust. Let us always tend towards synthesis. To see man truly, it is necessary to look at nature" (how true that is from the points of view of both Darwin and Wordsworth); "to see nature and man thoroughly it is necessary to contemplate the Infinite."

These great things are as lucid and simple as all great art is, and as all great lives are. But they require re-stating and re-stating every day; for humanity is only too ready to be blinded by the petty dust of details. When a man is completely aware of them, as Hugo was, he is able to write—as Hugo did in his *Châtiments*—voicing the wrath of a nation, with a pen plucked from the wing of the dragon of the Apocalypse. A genius has no to-morrow, said Hugo, but he has eternity. Since the triumphs of Romanticism, two generations of lesser writers have arisen, new literary ideals have taken the place of those founded by the man of 1830. But the star of Victor Hugo has seen the rise and fall of many asteroids, and has grown brighter with the years. Even the thick-sown sky of contemporary Parisian literature has not paled its fires. And now, over one hundred years from his birth, the conviction seems to be gaining ground that he is to be ranked, as our own great poet, Swinburne, would rank him, in that supreme constellation, whose four central orbs are Homer, Æschylus, Dante, and Shakespeare.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE HOPE OF RUSSIA.*

If we take up a Russian novel, we have not read half a dozen pages before we become aware that we are breathing an atmosphere, social, moral and mental, which is as different from our own as though the humanity which lives by it were some race existing on another planet. Sooner or later our spiritual organs accustom themselves to the new medium; strange terms used and stranger manners and customs referred to, the peculiar, direct, clear-cut simplicity of the dialogue, the unfamiliar relations between relatives and classes, are accepted as normal to the conditions in which the story is unfolded, and do no more than stimulate our curiosity agreeably: to find peasants talking like poets and cultured folk like barbarians surprises us no longer—we accept all that comes as we take the unexpected transformations of our dreams. As most of the books that come to us from this enigmatic region are translations from supreme masterpieces of the narrative art, we are content to enjoy them to the utmost, within the limits our ignorance imposes.

It is wonderful how little we know of Russia and Russians, after reading so much about them in our daily paper as we have within the last few years, after reading books written by them and books written about them, after telling our friends what we think of the Russian Crisis. Here are three more books on Russia, books of various merit and purpose, and after reading them I feel once more how hopeless it is for the reader who has not visited the country to try and get even a beginning of insight into the workings of the Russian mind—since such insight has not been vouchsafed even to those able men, our authors, with all their opportunities: I make this bold statement confidently, and with all deference to the admirable quality of their work in other respects. Indeed, they may be read both with pleasure and profit: the first brings within the limit of some 600 pages the principal factors of Russia's actual problem; the third attempts simply to picture vividly conditions which have come under the author's notice, and is supplemented by an historical section, as is the former; the second of the three should be read as a commentary on the others. Mr. Baring's work will be familiar to many of my readers, and it is hardly necessary for me to say that this commentary is delightfully written, and that Mr. Baring's impressions are the product of a susceptible temperament and an observant mind. I have studied these books with more care than was necessary for the purposes of honest reviewing, because I found that at any rate two of them were of such interest that a tentative "dip" resulted in a prolonged immersion in their contents.

What hope is there for Russia? What hope that she will emerge, not now, not soon even, but some day, out of the

* "Russia and Reform." By Bernard Pares, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
"A Year in Russia." By Maurice Baring. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
"The Russian Peasant." By Howard P. Kennard, M.D. 6s. (Laurie.)

confusion and conflict of races and classes, into national coherence and unity of purpose? It is to some question of this kind that we seek an answer in these books, in any book professing to throw new light on the condition of this troubled land and people. The difficulty that meets us from the first is that of disentangling the essential from the adventitious elements of the struggle. Salvation is needed, and sorely: whence may its advent be looked for? Surely not from the Government, whose best friends can hardly defend it from the accusation of incompetence and degeneracy; nor from the anarchists, whose methods, essentially inimical to humanity, preclude the idea of their fitness to bring order out of the chaos—they serve, no doubt, like their dynamite, to bring down a rotten structure, and they are equally incapable of building a better in its place; nor from the Church, whose influence is purely reactionary and passive, and which lacks initiative; nor from the Intelligents, whose revolt is blind and negative, and who are accomplishing in the moral sphere the merely destructive work of the anarchists; nor from the gentry alone; but such of the landowners as have elected to remain on their estates must come into closer contact and better understanding with the peasants, and everything points to these last as the really vital element in Russia's future; more hopefully than elsewhere we may, perhaps, look for effective action in the co-operation of these forces. Admitting this, and disregarding for the time being all other classes in the state, our next step is to attempt to arrive at some notion of the condition, character and potentialities of the Russian peasant. Read the third and thirteenth chapters of Mr. Pares's book, and the first of Dr. Kennard's. Both are the result of personal observation; possibly Dr. Kennard, in his medical capacity, had the better opportunity of studying the conditions, but, on the other hand, I suspect him of some unconscious exaggeration, not so much in the facts as in the statement of their proportion to the whole of peasant life. Mr. Pares is cool, impartial and statistical, and we may fill in his sketch with the somewhat crude and even violent colours of Dr. Kennard's picture. The effect of this confrontation is indeed not too cheerful, but at least it shows the peasant to be capable of progress, and that centuries of slavery and degradation have not destroyed his growing power. He has taken advantage of such reforms as were offered, not perhaps with well-directed and conscious effort, but instinctively, and with sufficient eagerness for us to think hopefully of his latent qualities. It is in this way, if at all, that the hope of Russia may be realised: by the peasant, no longer penned in and cut off morally and mentally from the other classes, becoming a healthy and normally developed member of the body politic. It is from the peasant class that the other classes must recruit themselves, renewing their vigour, like Antæus, by contact with the soil.

F. W. STOKOE.

Novel Notes.

ARMAGEDDON, 190—. By Seestern. 6s. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.)

This is a particularly close and successful translation of a work that has had a vast circulation in Germany, where it was first published some fifteen months ago. The identity of "Seestern" (Sea Star) has not yet been disclosed, though valiant efforts have been made to unveil him; but that he has an intimate acquaintance with the naval affairs of Great Britain, of Germany, and of other European Powers, is very clear. A purposeful report was put about that "Seestern" was the Kaiser—which was ingenious, but untrue. It is a book of a type that has been popular of late—a book dealing with a great war of the future. It is in the "Battle of Dorking" style, and in the style of Mr. Le Queux's recent account of a prospective war between this country and Germany. But "Armageddon, 190—," is more comprehensive than the majority of its predecessors, dealing with a general European conflict. The thing is done with great ingenuity and impressiveness; and it is a useful German mirror in which to study the German point of view as to such a war. An Introduction is provided by Admiral Fremantle, who contrasts it with recent works by British writers on a kindred subject. These writers consistently bring forward our shortcomings and unreadiness, and "our fundamental disregard of the necessity for making adequate preparations for war in piping times of peace." "Seestern," on the contrary, depicts this country as plotting to force a war on innocent Germany; while, as regards our navy, he appreciates and emphasises its "instant readiness for war" and its general efficiency. It is a thrilling work, and its attention to detail does credit to the land from which it emerges.

THE HILL OF DREAMS. By Arthur Machen. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

This is the study, rather than the story, of a morbid or exceptional temperament. Lucian Taylor is not a decadent morally, though he lives for the cult of style, and dies from an overdose of a drug. He is an instance of the crude ferment which is set up in some fine natures who find themselves born with a hopelessly Philistine environment, and often wreck themselves in the effort to get clear. Lucian's father is a poor, scholarly parson in the country, and Mr. Machen has drawn vividly, if unkindly, the conventional Anglican and rural surroundings of the youth's boyhood. He comes up to London, dreams his dream of a mystic city of love and beauty, and dies, with his name written in water. The framework of incident is slight. But Mr. Machen has trained round it a luxuriant growth of analytic reflection, displaying much insight and subtle reading of character. Poor Lucian, living for his ideal's sake in a London garret, is a sad spectacle. But the reader is left with the sense that his sorrows were not unrelieved. He chose such a life deliberately in preference to that of his metropolitan relatives. "He could conceive the fine odour of hot roast beef hanging about the decorous house on Sunday afternoons, papa asleep in the dining-room, mamma lying down, and the children quite good and happy with their 'Sunday' books. In the evening, after supper, one read the *Quiver* till bedtime. Such pictures as these were to Lucian a comfort and a help, a remedy against despair. Often when he felt overwhelmed by the difficulty of the work he had undertaken, he thought of the alternative career, and was strengthened." Mr. Machen, at some length, has sketched this splendid failure. His book is not exhilarating towards the close, but it has an interest all its own, and, as might be surmised, it is excellently written.

DOCTOR GORDON. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (Unwin.)

The name of Miss Mary E. Wilkins is inevitably associated with those quaintly humorous and pathetic, exquisitely artistic short stories of New England life and character that have made her famous in her own country and in ours. Readers who know her only by that beautiful and individual work will find "Doctor Gordon" rather surprising, perhaps even a little disappointing. But those who have read that clever detective story of hers, "The Long Arm," will be prepared for the difference, and, escaping the shock of it, will find this in its way a strong and absorbing romance of horror and mystery. It ends in grim tragedy; but the love of James Elliott, the doctor's assistant, and Clemency Ewing, the doctor's winsome and much persecuted niece, runs like a thread of light and sweetness through all the gloom and tangle of fear and eerie danger that gathers about it. Whether such a man as Dr. Gordon would, in any circumstances, have allowed his niece to go so long in peril of the insane and preposterous father who lurked in the neighbourhood haunting her covertly and persistently, a continual menace to her safety and to the life of anyone who happened to be with her, is a question the reader may answer for himself. The plot is original and cunningly contrived, and the story is well and imaginatively written.

THE TRACER OF LOST PERSONS. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Murray.)

If you are wise enough not to take "The Tracer of Lost Persons" seriously, but to read it as it was intended to be read, merely for the pleasure to be had from an airy and ingenious narrative that makes no pretence to being either literature or life, you will find the book a thoroughly enjoyable one. It tells of how John Gatewood, unmarried, because he has never met the ideal woman he has been vaguely looking for, and sinking into dissolute and degener-

ate habits, because he has more money and more time than he knows what to do with, is induced by his friend Kerns to make a drastic move in the direction of reform. He goes, sceptically and in spite of himself, to a firm of private detectives who advertise themselves especially as "Tracers of Lost Persons." To them he describes, or tries to describe, the woman of his dreams who, so far as he knows, has never had a real existence, and the head of the firm confidently undertakes to find her for him. But this, after all, is a trifling piece of detective work compared with what the firm accomplishes in a later story, in which a client calls upon them to find for him a woman whom he has known in a previous state of existence, and with businesslike promptitude and dispatch they discover her in an Egyptian tomb, where she has been lying in a state of suspended animation for a trifle of about a thousand years. Howlingly extravagant as this sounds, it is so deftly written that it makes capital reading; as, in short, does each of the three or four stories that comprise the series.

PETRONEL OF PARADISE. By Mrs. Fred Maturin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is the kind of book that may be warranted suitable for seaside consumption, to be glanced at for an idle ten minutes on a pier. The print is large. The scene of the story changes from picnics in Guernsey to London, where the hero drives up in a hansom to a perfectly well-known shop and makes a purchase, not for his personal adornment, that is described by the author succinctly, in the following terms, viz.:—

"A long black silk opera-wrap, lined blue velvet, and blue velvet hood."

We believe there must be some subtle psychological reason for the curious fact that whenever the author has occasion to mention this purchase and extol the taste and generosity of the hero, her own parsimony in prepositions becomes extreme. The hero cannot marry the heroine because he has promised to marry another lady who has a husband already. The complication proves annoying to the hero, and the heroine "weeps wildly" when, setting a proper value on himself, he says to her, "Can you live as happy severed from me as united to me? It is not possible." Finally the hero and heroine are drowned off "the lonely Casquets," and the author begs us "not to sorrow over the fate of these two," an adjuration that will seem unnecessary to some readers, who might be inclined to say, perhaps, in Gilbertian phrase, "they never will be missed." We think the author might have shown some sympathy for the Guernsey boatman, who warned the hero and heroine against taking a dramatic and hazardous voyage in uncertain weather, and unfortunately was drowned with them. He was probably a much greater loss to society than his cargo of sentimentalists.

THE CRUISE OF THE MAKE-BELIEVES. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The keynote of Mr. Tom Gallon's best novels is a certain charming and whimsical fancifulness. He does not present us with stories of real life, but of something that is better than real life—he takes the most ordinary, commonplace human beings into his thoughts, and brings them out transfigured and made, at their best, lovable, and at their worst, pardonable. You may say the story and its people are incredible if you reflect upon them afterwards; but Mr. Gallon writes with a magic that compels your belief so long as you are reading and under his spell. You may not know a Gilbert Byfield, a wealthy young man who wearied of high society and went to live in a mean street, and finding himself next door to a winsomely simple, pretty girl, who let lodgings and maintained a drunken father, pitied her, called her the Princess, and fell into a habit of climbing over the back wall and talking with her in the yard which they made believe was a garden; but it does not follow that because you never knew them, such a man and such a girl never existed. You won't have a doubt about them whilst you are reading "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," at all events. Anxious that the girl should have rest and change, Gilbert conspires with her drunken father, lends him a country cottage, gives him fifty pounds, and arranges that he shall pretend to have brought off a successful speculation, and take the girl away for a holiday. Mr. Meggison does more than that: he quietly sells off his furniture before going, cunningly resolved to leave his daughter and himself homeless and dependent on Gilbert's bounty from that time forth. How Gilbert tried to get out of this difficulty without wounding Bessie Meggison's feelings; how he was baffled and had to confess to his innocent duplicity, and the tears that came of it, and the final happiness that grew out of it all, make one of the most quaintly humorous, most tenderly pathetic romances Mr. Gallon has ever given to us.

AMALIA. By Graham Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

"Amalia" is a type of book that has been popular for some years, "The Prisoner of Zenda" having set the fashion. "Amalia" deals with a small Continental kingdom not to be found on any map, and the plot concerns itself with people in high places in that kingdom. It is called Montarvia, and a central incident is the marriage of its king with a daughter of "Their Transparent Highnesses, the Prince August von Salzheim-Schusselburg." The king's mode of wooing is original: he does not trouble to visit Their Transparent Highnesses in order to make a selection from the daughters of the house with which, for political purposes, he wishes to effect an alliance: he orders photographs of the young ladies to be sent to him. Life in his capital is described with much zest and some humour, and there is a plot of considerable ingenuity. It is not an important book; but it makes pleasant reading. Miss Hope, however, suffers from verbosity: many of her incidents are told at far too great a length. Sub-editing would have been beneficial.

PAINTED ROCK. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

Assuredly the hand that wrote "A Western Avernus," and more recently gave us "Rachel Marr"—a novel that narrowly escaped being great—has not lost its cunning. "Painted Rock" is deliciously fresh and funny, and indications abound that the author has enjoyed the making of it. It purports to describe life in Texas, and, as one critic has remarked, if people in Texas behave in the way of the inhabitants of Painted Rock, life in Texas may presently be hard to find. On the slightest provocation—and without any provocation at all—the light-hearted dwellers in Painted Rock produce their "guns" and do deadly work. When not employed with the "gun," they are to be found at the American House, consuming what, in their own engaging phraseology, is styled "nose paint." "Painted Rock" is a collection of short stories, but they all deal with life (and death) in the township from which the book takes its title, and certain of the characters figure in each tale. It is a work that enables Mr. Roberts to display his grim sense of humour, and gives him occasion to show his knowledge of the ruder side of Western life. One of the most amusing of the stories tells of the experiences of a man from Painted Rock who visited London, arrayed himself in the "glad rags" of civilisation, and had wild times "up West."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: The Story of a Social War. 6s. (Murray.)

Nominally "What Might Have Been" is a novel; but it is more of a tract than a novel. The opening chapters are of an exceedingly "light" order, and mislead one as to the true nature of the book. The period is some indefinite date in the future, and in these opening chapters the author (whose style in the early pages is suggestive of the writers of "Wisdom While You Wait") tells of the newspapers of the time, saying that "misrepresentation, if on a sufficiently large scale, was permissible, but it was advisable to make it wholesale, lurid, and applied not to an individual but to a party—emphasising, of course, the fact that your opponent was irretrievably pledged to that party through thick and thin." But the comic writing about newspapers and people in the undated future soon disappears, and the anonymous author employs himself in the writing of a tale in which he shows the Socialists in the ascendant. The thing is well done, and in the guise of fiction is an able impeachment of Socialism. In the end there is a revolution, and affairs in this country return to individualism. There are suggestions that the writer is perturbed by the recent successes of Labour at the Parliamentary polls—and more than suggestions that he fears that a Labour Government would be a mighty bad thing for Great Britain. His picture of a hypothetical Labour Cabinet is sarcastic, savage, and not unfunny.

THE YOKE. By Hubert Wales. Price 6s. (John Long.)

The title of this novel is taken from a stanza of Omar Khayyam:—

"What! out of senseless nothing to provoke
A conscious something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties, if broke!"

The yoke, as readers of this novelist's previous work will guess, is the conventional restriction of marriage, and the book is a study of the daring and delicate—some readers will say, indelicate—problem of sexual impulse. Maurice, the young fellow, and Angelica, his guardian, form the central figures. They are well drawn. The characterisation all through, indeed, is excellent, and there is a self-restraint which prevents the story from becoming an outrage upon taste. But it is impossible to call the book pleasant, or even wholesome, for all the sincerity and pathos which mark its pages, and despite some relieving touches of humour and tragedy.

THE LAST MIRACLE. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. M. P. Shiel has enough imagination to furnish forth a dozen novelists; if he had only an equal share of judgment and could control his imagination, instead of being controlled by it, he would be one of the greatest forces in modern fiction; for imagination is the one thing that is lacking in the majority of new novels. Mr. Shiel seems to be wanting in the powers of observation, judgment, reticence, that most of our leading modern novelists have, and to have that supreme gift of imaginative inventiveness that most of them want. His German Baron Kolar is a big and admirable piece of characterisation, but when you find the Baron kidnapping men who resemble facially the traditional portraits of Christ, starving and torturing them to get the right look of anguish into their expressions, then actually crucifying them and using the means that were adopted for producing the illusion of "Pepper's Ghost" to throw an apparition of the crucified man up into the dark arches of a crowded church, your belief in it all breaks down under the strain, and the whole thing becomes as grotesquely fantastic and impossible as a nightmare. The Baron's object is to avenge himself for a wrong he has suffered at the hands of a priest by working up a great religious revival on the strength of these miraculous appearances, and then by exposing the imposture and accusing the Church of aiding him in it to deal religion a death blow from which it will never recover. The daring originality of the book fascinates you; its careless coincidences, the luridly melodramatic extravagance of some of its incidents exasperates you; but Mr. Shiel's triumph is that you are interested in spite of yourself, and once started cannot put the story aside till you have come to the end of it.

SCOUNDREL MARK. By Frank Dilnot. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

Those who remember the "Tyrants of North Hyben" will be disposed to welcome a new novel from the same pen, none the less that Mr. Dilnot has changed his *venue*. The same freshness and deftness of characterisation are to be felt, but the hero is now a Londoner. It is a study in the regenerating power of love. Mark, a waiter, a burglar, and the keeper of an oyster-shop, has set his affections on a lady who is betrothed to an Anglican cleric, and the plot of the book turns on the latter's vicious character. His career is not particularly probable. But the women of the story are real, from Ruby Grainger to Mark's landlady. Mr. Dilnot has described, with evident sympathy, Mark's self-sacrifice for Ruby's sake; his conduct is heroic, if not quixotic, and one is relieved to find that he is not left, like Sydney Carton, to his fate. Altogether, the book leaves a very pleasant impression on the mind. There is self-restraint in it, and yet a crisp vigour, especially in the delineation of low life, which saves the story from anything like sentimentalism.

THE GHOST. By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. (Chatto.)

One of the ablest and most remarkable sensational novels that have appeared in recent years was Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Grand Babylon Hotel." He has written better novels of a different type, and two or three of the same type that have been almost as good; and it is on comparing him with himself that we find "The Ghost" unsatisfactory. It is wildly melodramatic; that is essential and inherent in a story of this sort; but the melodrama is crude and raw, and once or twice—as where Carlotta Deschamps is making a murderous attack on Rosa and Sir Cyril Smart, saves her by touching a spring and bringing down the centre of the upstairs floor with Rosa on it—it runs perilously near the ridiculous. The ghost is that of a dead and implacably jealous lover of Rosa's: it haunts and harries to death one new lover of hers, and is fast goading a second to madness when Rosa intervenes, and, going on her knees to it, moves it to relent, and so saves the life of the man she loves and is to marry. The whole thing is too mechanical; one might find something good to say of it if a different name were on the title-page, but Mr. Bennett has done and can do much better work than this.

The Bookman's Table.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA. Edited by Ingram Swale. (Wayfaring Books.) 2s. 6d. net. (London: Routledge.)

"It is curious," as Mr. Masefield remarked in his introduction to "A Sailor's Garland," "that a sea-going people such as the English should have written so little poetry, of a high quality, about the sea and its sailors until comparatively recent times." It is curious also how well the deficiency has been made up during the nineteenth century. Roughly speaking, "A Sailor's Garland" contained chiefly, as its name implied, poetry *of* the sea and of seafaring folk—ballads and such-like—whereas "The Voice of the Sea," as its name does not imply, is made up mainly of poetry *about* the sea, written almost exclusively by landlubbers. With the proviso that this latter sort—the poetry of contemplation of the sea rather than of action and emotion at sea—must appear somewhat moonshiny to a sailor, whose canons of criticism are, very properly, different from a landsman's, we may say that "The Voice of the Sea" is of a more uniformly high quality than "A Sailor's Garland." Indeed, it is not only a fine selection of sea-poems: it is a fine selection of English poetry; and nearly all of it (the ancients are not overlooked) is modern. It is one of the best, if not the best, of Messrs. Routledge's "Wayfaring Books." Mr. Swale has been fortunate in obtaining leave to reprint several copyright poems, notably by Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Watson, and some good extracts from Mr. F. T. Bullen's prose. Ruskin's eulogy of a boat and description of the sea after a long gale are included. Parson Hawker, of Morwenstow, is the most noticeable omission. A protest should be made against the anthologists' habit of cutting up poems without notification, and particularly of giving new names to the extracts and to poems unnamed by their authors. Mr. Swale, for instance, prints the octet of Wordsworth's unnamed sonnet, "It was a beauteous evening, calm and free," and calls it "By the Evening Sea." Anthologist II. may call it "The Mighty Being Awake," and so on. When Palgrave conferred new names on old poems, anthologies were few. Now that they are many, the process is likely to end in confusion. "The Voice of the Sea" is well printed, pocket size, excellent altogether. For mooning on the cliffs and shore it shall be second only to our tobacco pouch. *At* sea we prefer old ballads or chanties, or even (literary pundits, please be deaf) a few bad songs, yea, even music-hall songs, if they are only such that the whole crew knows how to "rant and to roar like true British sailors."

CANON PIETRO CASOLA'S PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM IN THE YEAR 1494. Edited by M. Margaret Newett, B.A. (Manchester: At the University Press.)

"I begged his most Reverend Lordship to bless the emblems of my pilgrimage—that is, the cross, the stick or pilgrim's staff, and the wallet—and to bestow his blessing on me. . . When the benediction was over, his Lordship embraced me with no ordinary tears, and, kissing me most affectionately, left me with the peace of God, surrounded by a great crowd, from which I had some difficulty in separating myself, for everyone wanted to shake hands

with me and kiss me." Thus did the good Casola prepare himself for his adventure in the year 1494. Pilgrimages are still made, to Jerusalem and elsewhere, and books are written about them—what, then, is lacking in these which we find in every page of Pietro Casola's artless narrative? Faith, we may suppose, sincerity, and singleness of heart and purpose: this pilgrim, you feel certain, was not on the look-out for local colour. He made a vow to visit the Holy City, and, at an advanced age, he set out: he accomplished his purpose with infinite hardship and danger. When he returned, he wrote an account of it, not because a publisher had commissioned him to do so, but for his own delight and that of his friends, and for their edification. All this, we take it, accounts for the charm of the narrative, for its human quality, and its descriptive excellence. "Each one who goes on the voyage to the Sepulchre of our Lord has need of three sacks—a sack of patience, a sack of money and a sack of faith," the good Canon remarks, and he tells us, with some humour, of many occasions on which he had to draw on these reserves. With its careful and convincing descriptions of persons and places, of costume and manners, with its ingenuous narrative and its simple reflections, this is a document of great interest, not alone to the scholar, not only for the light it may throw on the time from which it reaches us, but as the expression of a very whole-hearted, kindly and sincere attitude towards life. Besides the excellent translation of the text, Miss Newett provides the student with a learned introduction, giving all that is ascertainable with regard to Casola's life, and much information as to the conditions under which the mediæval pilgrims undertook their journeys. There are ample notes, an index, and an appendix of documents relating to Pietro Casola which exist in the State archives of Milan. Altogether the book may be considered satisfactory from every point of view.

RALPH HEATHCOTE. Letters of a Young Diplomatist. Edited by Countess Günther Gröben. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

We are informed in the preface that these letters of Countess Gröben's grandfather were discovered by her in a hidden drawer of an old writing-table. The pretext for making them public appears to us to be rather slight: it is, briefly, that young Heathcote was chargé d'affaires of the English Minister at Cassel at the time when Napoleon, on the pretended discovery of a conspiracy between some French *émigrés* and Brook Taylor, the Minister, requested the Elector to dismiss the latter. It was one of those moves of Napoleon, directed against the *prestige* of England, which seem inspired rather by childish cunning and petty malignity than by far-sighted policy. This Brook Taylor incident, with all relevant matter, opens and is concluded within thirty pages, and as a footnote to history is, we imagine, of slender importance. But nowadays no very cogent excuse is needed for publishing or republishing anything that is of any imaginable importance to anybody, and, taking it altogether, this book may be found to justify its existence in print. These letters of Ralph Heathcote to his mother are straightforward and unaffected, and present a fairly typical picture of the life of a young diplomatist and soldier in the first decade of the nineteenth century. His character is solid and steady rather than brilliant, and the same may be said for his epistolary style. The last letter is dated 1814. The text which accompanies the letters explains sufficiently the references to persons and events which they contain.

AN OBSERVER IN THE NEAR EAST. Anonymous. 16s. (Nash.)

When we come to consider this book it is necessary for us to overcome certain prejudices. In point of language we must not allow the frequent split infinitives to make us absolutely harsh. They are almost as numerous as roses in Kazanlik, and they give as much pleasure as a thorn. Secondly, we do not care overmuch for an author who undertakes to reveal the truth, to expose what is concealed—and who flourishes a trumpet just as if no other writer on the Balkans had ever spoken truth before. No doubt this gentlemen had many introductions, but if a traveller had wished to know the real state of Judæa he would not perhaps have gone there with an introduction to Pontius Pilate. If this intention of exposing things is often repeated, we cannot but expect a great many things to be exposed, and when we find that many of them have been exposed before, we get a little weary. Yet it cannot be denied that iteration is needful, and that the world of politics will not listen to an unwelcome message, if it is not shouted and shouted again. As we are on this subject of exposure—we may refer to the absurd, but possibly playful, words which accompany a set of verses written for the author by the Prince of Montenegro. He has been telling us that he begged the Prince for a poem, and now when the poem arrives he tells us that it is from a great personage, and so forth, with an archness not unworthy of a young lady. A poem is not made more interesting because a Prince has written it. Last year an illustrated paper in London printed the reproduction of an early daub by the present Emperor of Austria, and gave it the honourable name of picture. A number of severe things are said about this very Emperor in the book we are reviewing. It would have helped the writer, may be, if he had also published the above daub. But then he could not have given us the Prince's artistic effort as a proof that if a royal person interests himself in such matters he must be of vast benevolence. As a fact, this poem is quite good, and introduces the names of Gladstone and Tennyson, without which surely no Montenegrin poem would be complete. The anonymous author has some good pages on Albania, and if he falls short of Miss Durham, he gets at least into some picturesque and remote places. In Bulgaria he is too fond of telling us that Dr. Stancioff is the newly appointed Foreign Secretary. After we have read this several times we begin to doubt whether this appointment is really so new. But the descriptions of the rose fields are thorough, even if the poetical features are too briefly touched upon. It is rather ridiculous to run through so many countries in one book; we then expect to find a series of illuminating criticisms, the result of observations which are suppressed, a criticism pregnant say as the series of epigrams which Henley wrote on George Eliot. But in place of this we have discursive chapters which allude to such things as a lady in Bucharest (not even a Roumanian lady), who was, and possibly still is, anxious to dispose of her daughters. Yet, we must mention that a great deal of information is to be found in this book, and if no other books existed on these countries, we have no doubt but that this book would be useful. What is the most worth reading is the denunciation of Austrian rule in Bosnia. But there is no indication that the author is conversant with the various Balkan languages.

MURILLO: A BIOGRAPHY AND APPRECIATION. By Albert F. Calvert. 165 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This handbook is divided into three sections: the biography and appreciation, a descriptive catalogue of Murillo's works, and a series of plates reproducing the most famous of these. Within its limits it is a well-constructed and thoroughly serviceable little book. The biography is succinctly and attractively sketched, and the appreciation is a useful summary of past and prevalent estimates of Murillo's work. It seems strange that a painter of such "sweet" sentiment as he should have taken and, above all, retained at the present day so high a rank among the master-artists of the world. There is a reaction at the present time against the sentimental, which is excessive in many of its manifestations, in that it does not always distinguish the real from the affected sentiment. Surely it speaks highly for Murillo's ultimate value that, while providing extreme examples of both, he has yet escaped condemnation at our hands. Is our author quite justified in saying, *à propos* of the well-known groups of beggar-boys, that "in his determination to please, the artist transformed these dirty, unkempt, ill-developed and disreputable mendicants of Seville into incarnations of picturesque innocence—smooth, smiling and cherubic. As human documents, they have small resemblance to truth. . " Surely they are just such careless, merry, irresponsible little rascals as you may see in any town of Southern Europe—such as, but for the difference of race, you meet in London to-day—unkempt enough, and with quite as much of the imp as of the cherub about them. The illustrations are sufficiently good to give one an idea of the scope of Murillo's work, and to serve as a commentary on the text.

RED RUSSIA. By John Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Fraser has produced a book that is worth reading; it may be a little exaggerated, and we think it is, but its luridness does not blind us to the fact that it contains several passages which show indisputably that the author is a man of brains and judgment. The experiences recorded in this volume were gone through in the very thick of the recent turmoil, and Mr. Fraser's search for "copy" led him, not to Petersburg only, but to Poland, Samara, and the Trans-Caucasus. It seems a pity that the literary style which war-correspondents have made their own should be so objectionable. Surely it is possible to convey a vivid effect without having recourse to such mechanical aids as are lent by wearisome onomatopœic descriptions of blows from bludgeons and shots from revolvers, the jerkiness of the omitted pronoun, and the sprinkling of uncouth compound substantives of the author's own manufacture. One's mind does not receive any extraordinarily sharp impression on reading that some unfortunate is "shiver-gaited," or "peak-eyed," or "puke-mouthed." In spite of defects such as these, we repeat that "Red Russia" is worthy of serious attention. With the pertinacity of the hardened journalist, Mr. Fraser made it his business to see everything there was to see and hear everything there was to hear, including both sides of those questions which are at the bottom of the present political unrest. He gives us a clear and impartial statement of affairs as they appeared to him. Quite a number of people who know what they are talking about have told us that it is doubtful whether there will be a successful revolution in Russia, at all events in the near future, and that if such a thing did happen, the last state of the *moujik* would be infinitely worse than the first.

"I do not say that Russian authorities are one whit worse than any other section of the Russian people would be if they were in a similar position of power. The Russian is the same man, whether he wear the uniform of the Czar, or the red shirt of the revolutionary. Rather am I convinced in the belief that in matters of constitutional government the Russian lacks the essentials; that public spirit does not exist, that compromise is not understood, but extremes always pressed, and that the only thing the Russian, beneath his thin garment of civilisation, really understands is force. . . . Behind all the jabber concerning the rights of humanity, and froth resultant from contact with Western civilisation, is hatred of those who have the power, not because it is abused, but because it is possessed."

So says Mr. Fraser. To understand the Russian you must live with him, not for weeks or months, but for years. It is difficult for us to realise how Russians of education and refinement can countenance such methods of aggression as those employed by the bomb-throwing Terrorists. We are English, they tell us, and so we cannot understand. "The throwing of bombs by the revolutionaries is regarded very much in the same light as an electioneering pamphlet would be in England," says Mr. Fraser, and also "that soldiers should fire into a mob of men, women and children is no more to the Russian Government than a police intimation in England that order must be preserved." He says, too, as does everybody else, that there is a great tragedy in store for Russia, but what it will be, or when it will come, is not for him to prophesy. It may not come in the shape of a revolution such as that which overthrew the Bourbons in France, and yet perhaps it will. "God help Russia"—she is trending towards something terrible, something catastrophic. Mr. Fraser used to carry a camera about with him, and many of his photographs are reproduced in his book. Some of them are ordinary pictures of ordinary streets in the great towns of a country that is nominally European and civilised. About the streets lie quietly the bodies of murdered men and women, but nobody seems very excited—when the "disturbances" were on, one could take such photographs any day.

WOMEN OF THE SECOND EMPIRE. By Frédéric Loliée. Translated by Alice M. Ivimy. With an Introduction by Richard Whiteing. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

In his introduction to Loliée's "Women of the Second Empire" Mr. Richard Whiteing remarks: "With such books as the one now in question, the wonder is that the general reader should ever condescend to the novel," and in turning over the pages which follow and reading therein the names of illustrious men and women and descriptions of the animated scenes and exciting intrigues in which they play a part, one can heartily endorse this opinion. Nothing in fiction can equal the dramatic story of the Countess de Castiglione, or the account of the brilliant receptions given by Princess Mathilde to her friends. Among the latter such famous names occur as the Goncourts, Giraud, Theophile Gautier, Merimée, Sainte-Beuve, and Nieuwerkerke. The lives of the "Golden-haired Ambassadress" (the Countess le Hon), Pauline de Metternich Sandor, the Countess Walewska, and the three sisters la Rochelambert, are among these chronicles, and then follow "the forgotten few," beauteous women of the Second Empire, who might very well have more pages devoted to their history. It is all a fresh and crisp and sparkling narrative of people but recently alive, and it comprises material for half a score or so of good novels.

THE EGYPT OF THE FUTURE. By Edward Dicey, C.B. 3s. 6d. (William Heinemann.)

Additional interest attaches to this little study from the recent resignation of Lord Cromer, and a comparatively short space of time ought to show whether Mr. Dicey's prognostications prove correct. Not, indeed, that there are as many prophecies as one would expect from the title, since Mr. Dicey devotes by far the major part of the book to telling the past and present history of Egypt and to general speculations upon European politics. After all, however, predictions as to the future must be based upon the present and the past. Mr. Dicey is, of course, well known as a writer of strong Imperialistic opinions, and this fact gives an added weight to the charges which he brings against Lord Cromer's administration. These charges, naturally, are not new in themselves, but it is something new to find a man of Mr. Dicey's school attacking Lord Cromer for his inability to brook any interference. In these pages Lord Cromer stands out as a benevolent despot, as anxious as any ancient Greek tyrant to cut off the heads of the tallest poppies, surrounded by a crowd of youthful understrappers who quickly find out that independence of thought is not smiled upon at the British Agency, out of touch, apparently, with Egyptian native aspirations, and, most serious charge of all, actually making the native Egyptians yearly less fitted for self-government. Mr. Dicey does not disguise the immense strides in material prosperity which Egypt has made in the past quarter of a century, but he questions very seriously whether such a system will not break down as soon as Lord Cromer's presence is withdrawn. It is fairly obvious that Mr. Dicey's opposition to Lord Cromer is largely due to his friendship for Nubar Pasha, with whom Lord Cromer could not pull in double harness, and at times one seems able to detect a note of personal hostility amidst the criticism. With much of that criticism we are inclined to agree, but we dissent from Mr. Dicey's exaggerated ideas as to the reverence with which the Sultan is regarded in Asia and Africa, and also from his opinions as to the influence exerted by Russia in the Balkan States.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

Teachers of grammar and the writing of the English language will probably be already well acquainted with Mr. J. C. Nesfield's work, and will give a further welcome to this latest volume, **Aids to the Study and Composition of English** (4s. 6d.). Mr. Nesfield brings an enviable enthusiasm to his work, an enthusiasm which even makes the science of grammar to glow, and converts "Analysis" and "Clearness of Diction" into fascinating employments. Much that is here has been told by this author before, in earlier volumes; but the present book could not be complete without a repetition of some of the main teaching, and the new material here added is a distinct gain. To those who have a great desire to enter the profession of authorship, but are not particularly well equipped for the struggle, this book will be a boon; it will make them realise the necessity for a knowledge of their own language, and will help them to use it with judgment and good taste.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Miss Gladys Davidson continues her popular work of telling short **Stories from the Operas** (3s. 6d. net), and she does it with a good understanding of the dramatic value of the themes, and with genuine and telling sympathy for the pathos of the more tragic operas. Here she gives us a second volume, no less attractive in its subjects than the first, for it includes among its fifteen stories that of *Parsifal*, of *Madam Butterfly*, of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, of *Aïda*, of *Die Meistersinger*, *La Bohème*, and other favourites. Biographical details are also given of each composer included, and several portraits complete the volume's interest.

MR. JOHN LANE.

"Tangible evidence of a superb civilisation surrounds us in Cordova. We see examples of early Moorish architecture brought to its highest artistic manifestation in the mosque. We listen in vain for the voices of teachers, the song of the singers and poets, and the call of the muezzin to devotion; but we tread in the footsteps of the long-vanished Moor, and read his story in the noble lines, chaste embellishments, and gorgeous details which his skilful hands produced." And of the glamour and the beauty of this old Moorish-Spanish town, its colour, heat, and subtle spell, the authors of **Cordova** (3s. 6d. net), Mr. Albert F. Calvert and Mr. Walter M. Gallichan, tell in vivid words and picturesque phrases. This is history for the traveller rather than for the history-student; it is a picture for the beauty-lover rather than for the art-student; it is travel-lore for the unhurrying tourist and for the travel-loving reader, rather than for the man with a definite object in view and a special train to catch. It is one volume in the "Spanish Series" which purports to show Spain in its many aspects, and does it by hundreds of well-chosen, well-produced illustrations as well as by word of pen.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

The author of the striking novels, "A London Girl" and "Closed Doors," follows these with a third in his series of *Tales from the Great City*, called **The Rainy Day** (3s. 6d.). The book is concerned with dwellers in that comparatively seldom written-of district of London, the less fashionable suburb. "Too much devotion," says this anonymous writer, "is shown by men of letters to the fashionable quarter of the town and to the more dreadful districts where a hideous poverty struggles for existence. The vast tract of country which lies midway between these two, and where perhaps more than in either of the others the true life of London is lived, has found few explorers and no lovers; it is a place known only to itself." The heroine of this novel lived on the south side of the Thames, in a parish squeezed between Brixton and Clapham; and her creator has wrought out of this pretty, silly girl, her relatives, her love story, and her surroundings an amount of brilliant observation and poignant writing which mark his work as quite above the ordinary teller of "realistic" stories. Without affected phrasing or unnecessary pitilessness he tells the story of the suburban home governed by the yellow-faced, miserly mother who feared the "rainy day," and of the lives of those of her children who were passive, and of those who rebelled. The suburb lies before us as we read, and the suburban girl stands out in all her dull limitations and her possible tragedy.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A book of good conversation and a bad title, of unsuspected cynicism and amusing observation, is Mr. Gerard Bendall's "Kit-Kat Novel," **Mrs. Jones's Bonnet** (4s.). Mr. Bendall takes a village, a scholarly rector, an athletic curate, a popular Nonconformist minister, his pretty wife, a talkative doctor, an artist with French ideas, and a shrewd philosopher. The men meet often and talk much; whole chapters are given them to do their talking in. The author is frank and unashamed of this, but his work is clever and amusing enough to demand forgiveness for it. What should receive less forgiveness is his implied outrageous behaviour of some of his characters, and the revolting implication that it is not in the least outrageous, but a matter of course. The love intrigues of the Nonconformist minister, the curate, and the minister's wife, are comparatively little mentioned; they are certainly not dwelt upon; but the taken-for-grantedness of the situation, and the rector's acceptance of it, strike one as being unjust, unpermissible, and shocking.

MESSRS. A. R. MOWBRAY AND CO.

The books of Vernon Staley, Provost of Inverness Cathedral, are not only marked by scholarship and genuine research, but are eminently readable—qualities which do not necessarily go together. **The Liturgical Year** (3s. 6d. net) does not sound an intensely interesting title, but under it this author writes of festivals and fasting-days of the English Church, telling not only of their origin and history, but of their influence and significance; and the result is a varied story, or a variety of stories, which every intelligent Churchman should read and will be the better for. The style is clear, the information on debatable points has been searched for, and there is a first-hand atmosphere about the entire volume which, without destroying the necessary reverence which the subject demands, brings the actual saints and saintly occasions very near to us. With its Kalendars, lists, and ample footnotes, this forms an extremely useful book of reference.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The Clarendon Press has done a great deal to help the student of French literature by its two excellent publications, "The Oxford Modern French Series" and "The Oxford Higher French Series," both under the general supervision of M. Leon Delbos. The books in both these series are charmingly printed, and their bindings violate the traditions so ridiculously imposed upon school-books, of being most hideously ugly. In these two series many of the least hackneyed French classics are issued, and the new volumes, George Sand's **Jeanne** (3s. 6d. net), Balzac's **Le Colonel Chabert** (2s.), a volume of Michelet's **Histoire de France** (2s. 6d.), and de Bourrienne's **La Jeunesse de Bonaparte** (2s.), are models of what such editions should be.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

Mr. Ernest A. Baker has compiled two small, stout, closely-printed volumes of **History in Fiction** by putting together and classifying the titles, and in many cases the contents, of all old and modern novels that he considers good, and that illustrate some definite period in history. Mr. Jonathan Nield issued some years ago a somewhat similar book on a less comprehensive and, as it seems to us, a more practically useful scale. Mr. Baker's volumes, one devoted to English, and the other to American and Foreign Fiction, represent an immense amount of industry, and may possibly help people who like, by way of culture, to fill their minds with historical tales. There is an excellent index in each book, and, indeed, the work has been so painstakingly done, that we cordially hope Mr. Baker has not wasted the time he must have spent upon it. The books are published by Messrs. Routledge at 2s. 6d. each.

New Books of the Month.

JULY 10TH TO AUGUST 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anon.—The Glories of Jesus, 1s. ..... (Nisbet and Co.)
The author of "The Year of Our Lord" here gives readings for a month on the Life, and Words, and Love, and Miracles, and all the meaning and gifts of Jesus and His years on earth. Each of the thirty-one days is, indeed, a meditation on, and an illumination of a chosen text. The little volume is an intellectual companion and a daily inspiration.

ASTON, W. G., C.M.G., D.Lit.—Shinto: The Ancient Religion of Japan, 1s. net ..... (Constable)
The oldest religion of our newest allies proves a fertile subject for Dr. Aston's pen. Myths, gods, divinations, and the origin and evolution of the Shinto religion are welded into this new volume of the "Religions: Ancient and Modern" Series, which is at once popular and authoritative.

BALFOUR, FREDERIC H.—The Higher Agnosticism, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Greening)

BALLARD, FRANK, M.A., B.D., etc.—New Theology: Its Meaning and Value. An Eirenicon. 6d. net (C. H. Kelly)

DANIELL-BAINBRIDGE, REV. H. G., M.A.—"His Work." Ordination Addresses. 1s. 3d. net ..... (Wells, Gardner)

DEISSMAN, ADOLF.—New Light on the New Testament, 3s. net (T. and T. Clark)

FINDLAY, GEORGE G., D.D.—The Books of the Prophets. Vol. III. 2s. 6d. ..... (C. H. Kelly)

FOX, WILLIAM JOHNSON.—The Religious Ideas, 6d. net (B. and F.U.A.)

THORNE, REV. HENRY ARTHUR.—The Holy Bible: An Essentially and Exclusively Church Book ..... (Mowbray)

Westminster Lectures. (Third Series.) Mysticism, by Rev. R. H. Benson, M.A.; Revelation and Creeds, by Very Rev. J. McIntyre, D.D.; Authority in Belief, by Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A.; Theories of the Transmigration of Souls, by Rev. J. Gibbons, Ph.D.; Socialism and Individualism, by Very Rev. A. Poock, D.D.; The Church *versus* Science, by Rev. J. Gerard, S.J. 6d. net each (Sands and Co.)
A series of lectures notable for their conciseness and genuine knowledge. They give interesting points of view and a useful bibliography in each case for the means of further study of the several subjects.

FICTION.

Anon.—The Rainy Day, 3s. 6d. ..... (Alston Rivers)

ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Sword of Peace, 3s. 6d. (Everett)
A story of the horrors of peace, as brought about by a secret society, which sacrifices everything to the "sacred cause of Peace," "the total abolition of War." The methods used are so cruel and disastrous that some of the members implore to be allowed to break their vow. But the brotherhood is very obdurate, and the result is famine, strikes, suffering all over the land, and much domestic turmoil; wife working against husband, and friend against friend. Natural laws are, however, too strong for these self-appointed "peacemakers" who crush the present generation for the sake of the future, and all ends well.

BENDALL, GERARD.—Mrs. Jones's Bonnet. "Kit-Kat" Series. 4s. ..... (Heinemann)

BISS, GERALD.—The Dupe, 6s. ..... (Greening)
This is the book for the man who wants sensation and excitement. The first chapter contains the murder of a young man by an older man, who has been robbing him at cards; the third chapter brings us to the bargain made between that older man and yet another younger man, just as the latter is about to spring from a London bridge and end starvation and poverty in the Thames. A young man having been killed, another young man was needed to play his necessary part, and so the story goes on with the conspiracy. The incidents which follow, though not unexpected by the hardened novel-reader, are briskly set forth, and "Call me husband, and become my little wife without delay!" are the hero's last words in the last chapter, as he kisses the heroine "passionately on the lips," showing that, though still not unexpected, the finale is as brisk as the beginning.

COBB, THOMAS.—A Sentimental Season, 6s. ..... (Laurie)

DALZIEL, JAMES.—In the First Watch, and Other Engine-Room Stories, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
Is it Mr. Joseph Conrad writing under a pseudonym, as he returns to his earlier style? Or have we another author who can grip our attention and fascinate our imagination with terse, strong stories of ship-board life? There is no false sentiment

about Mr. Dalziel's work; when he has a good situation he keeps it good—or, rather, he leaves it good. "The Flaw in the Crank Shaft" may remind us of other stories; but it is always of other good stories, and this collection of sea-captains and crews and their ways, bad and good, is a collection fine to meet—in print.

HEMING, ARTHUR.—Spirit Lake, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
HOCKING, SILAS K.—A Modern Pharisee, 6s. ..... (Warne)
HYATT, STANLEY P.—Marcus Hay, 6s. ..... (Constable)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Whosoever Loveth, 6s. ...(Hutchinson)
MARRYAT, FLORENCE.—The Luckiest Girl in Yorkshire, 6s. (Digby, Long)
MATHERS, HELEN.—The Pirouette, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—The Marriage Lease, 6s. (Hutchinson)
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, and A. EGMONT HAKE.—The Eternal Dawn, 6s. ..... (Everett)
NELLA.—Back Garden Letters, 2s. 6d. net ..... (T. Sealey Clark)

An amusing "take-off" of some of the "mixed medleys" we have come to speak of as "Garden-books"—those volumes devoted to discursiveness and feminine introspection, with a little garden-lore thrown in, so to speak. These letters are from "The Lady of Years" to "Flora," and with serious fooling they describe a suburban villa, its back garden, its young married couple, its "general," and, of course, numerous other things which are far removed from gardens. The book is not noticeably humorous, but it is entertaining and shrewd; and the thumb-nail sketches by Reginald Rigby are decidedly good and well hit upon.

PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Lode-Star, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
PEREZ, ISAAC JOEL.—Stories and Pictures, 6s. ..... (Mudie)
PRATT, F. V.—Sweet Mountain Maid, 3s. 6d. ..... (Drane)
PRIOR, JAMES.—A Walking Gentleman, 6s. ..... (Constable)
RALLI, CONSTANTINE.—The Strange Story of Falconer Thring, 6s. ..... (Hurst and Blackett)
ROZANT, INA.—Life's Understudies, 6s. ..... (Sealey Clark)
SCULLY, W. C.—By Veldt and Kopje, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SINCLAIR, MAY.—The Helpmate, 6s. ..... (Constable)
SOMMERVILLE, FRANKFORT.—The Face of Pan, and Other Stories ..... (Macgregor, Reid and Shaw)
SPEIGHT, T. W.—The Fate of the Hara Diamond, 6s. (Greening)
STONE, GERTRUDE L., and M. GRACE FICKETT.—Children of the Pilgrim Fathers. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. ..... (Harrap and Co.)

The authoresses of this volume have taken a pretty idea and carried it out successfully. In a series of stories, which will charm little children and big ones, they have told in Part I. incidents and ways and doings of the early life in New England. And in Part II. they have stories of a later time in "Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago." Such a book as this will do far more to teach English children to understand America than could be taught by many a history lesson. Here they can see the homes, and the children in their daily life, and learn how the big events affected them, and understand the smaller matters, which mean so much in children's minds.

WALLACE, HELEN.—The Coming of Isobel, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
WHISHAW, FRED.—The Secret Syndicate, 6s. ..... (John Long)
WYNNE, MAY.—When Terror Ruled, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)

NEW EDITIONS.

CARROLL, LEWIS.—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Illustrated by John Tenniel. Miniature Edition. 1s. net (Macmillan)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner. With an Introduction by George Armstrong Wauchope, M.A., Ph.D. 1s. 6d. (Harrap)
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Woman of Babylon, 1s. net (Cassell)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Clara Hopgood, 1s. net (Fisher Unwin)
STEVENSON, R. L.—Pentland Edition. Vols. XIII.—XVI. (Cassell, etc.)
VACHELL, H. A.—John Charity, 7d. net ..... (Nelson)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BEVAN, S. KENRICK.—The Vine of Life, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
BLACKHALL, JAMES.—The Dead God and Other Poems, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Greening)
BLAND, R. HENDERSON.—Moods and Memories, 2s. 6d. net (Greening)
Bohemian Girl, The. By Balfe. The Great Operas Series (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
BUCKTON, A. M.—The Garden of Many Waters, 1s. net (Elkin Mathews)
DAVIDSON, GLADYS.—Stories from the Operas, 3s. 6d. net (Werner Laurie)
GRAY, ELEANOR.—Eos and Other Poems, 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
HADDEN, J. CUTHBERT.—The Great Operas: Lohengrin. By Wagner. 1s. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

A very successful volume in a series which gives, in convenient pocket size, the story, the lesson, and the scope of the several famous operas. This particular volume is entrancing as a fairy-tale, and at the same time it is practically useful as an instructive guide to those who wish to learn in a short way the theme and origin of the great musical work. Biographical notes are also included, and Mr. Byam Shaw is in a happy mood in the four coloured plates with which the pretty little slip of a book is decorated.

HOWELL, EVA.—Poems, 1s. ..... (Pelton, Tunbridge Wells)
KNIGHT, WILLIAM.—A Victorian Anthology, 3s. 6d. net (Newnes)
McMURRAY, WILLIAM.—Vixen's Race and Other Poems, 1s. (Drane)
NEOFF, GOTTHOLD AUGUST.—The Strife of Life. With Illustrations. 5s....(American Authors' Agency, New York)
NICHOLSON, GEORGE A.—Poems, 2s. 6d. net (Deacon and Co.)

In a pretty little green leather volume this poet has gathered the outcome of his grave and gay moods. We prefer him grave. He begins with "The Ballad of the Mad Atheist," which is vigorous, and shows sympathy and understanding of the atheist's gain and loss. We like best the shorter poem, "Deathless Deeds," which again is strong, and telling, and concise. Mr. Nicholson's lighter moments are not to our taste. One piece begins:

"Did you ever want a letter when a letter didn't come?
Well, of all the awful feelings it's the worst since time begun."

Apart from the false rhyme and the faulty grammar, we do not think that this sort of thing justifies the title of the book. And this is not the worst specimen.

Poems by Two Friends, 2s. 6d. net ..... (J. M. Dent)
WEEKES, CHARLES.—About Women. Tower Press Booklet (Maunsel, Dublin)

This poet has a light touch and a very pointed pen; and women, like silver in King Solomon's day, are "nothing accounted of" in his opinion. Cleverness and cynicism, cleverness and cynicism, cleverness and cynicism, come page after page. Just towards the end a gentler note creeps into the theme, but for the most part we are shown false, cruel women fighting for men, or jilting them. If they have whipped the poet into the writing of these verses, he may thank them after all. The metres reveal courage and facility, and the lines bite.

NEW EDITIONS.

MORRIS, WILLIAM.—The Life and Death of Jason. Pocket Edition. 2s. net, 3s. net ..... (Longmans)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Poems. Edited by William Knight. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
Wordsworth, Poems by William. Selected and Annotated by Clara L. Thomson. 1s. 6d....(Cambridge University Press)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND SPORT.

ALMY, PERCIVAL H. W.—Torquay and its Surroundings, 1s. net ..... (22, Bride Lane, E.C.)

It is no slight to other authors in the Homeland Handbook Series to say that this is among the very best of the volumes which have come into our hands. Mr. Almy had a beautiful spot to describe, and he has done excellently with his opportunities. From Napoleon I. to Max O'Rell men have loved and delighted in this Western paradise; and the pictures alone in this volume prove that their taste was admirable. The author has written more than a guide book, he has written with genuine affection of Torquay old and new, its associations, its surroundings, and its charm. The practical side is not neglected either; routes, distances, and general information are here in plenty, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts gives it a warm send-off.

BIELSCHOWSKY, ALBERT.—The Life of Goethe. Translated by W. A. Cooper. Vol. II. 15s. net ..... (Putnams)
BREADALBANE, THE MARCHIONESS OF.—The High Tops of Black Mount, 6s. net ..... (Blackwood)
CALDECOTT, REV. W. SHAW.—Solomon's Temple: Its History and its Structure. With Plan and Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Religious Tract Society)
CALVERT, A. F., and W. M. GALLICHAN.—Cordova, 3s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)
COOPER, A. HEATON.—The Norwegian Fjords, 6s. net (Black)
EVERARD, H. S. C.—A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, 2s. net ..... (Blackwood)
FIGGIS, JOHN NEVILLE, M.A.—From Garson to Grotius. 1414-1625. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Cambridge University Press)
KELLY, MARSHALL.—Froude: A Study of His Life and Character, 3s. 6d. ..... (H. J. Drane)
KELMAN, JANET HARVEY.—Stories from the Crusades. Illustrated. 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net ... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
KENNARD, HOWARD P.—The Russian Peasant, 6s. net (Laurie)
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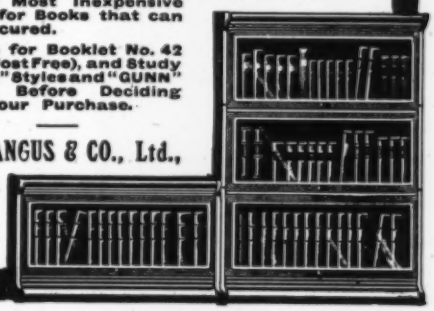

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